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THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Harlan listened with his detached and friendly smile. He remembered last week stopping Arne in the post-office with a forecast of the Yale-Harvard football season, but the western student had not seemed to hear—perhaps he was filled with his vision of the young men going up the hill seeking the vision of the New America, the truth that should make men free.

"All those young fellows going back to their states jump into politics," went on Arne. "So am I, Harlan. We're going to stump this county talking pigs and politics, and we'll ditch Jim Hall for congress and Fairchild later. And where will you be—you, I say!"

"Arne," drawled Harlan with aggravating calm, "I shall probably be arguing a line-fence case in the justice court."

Arne snorted. "Wiley, here, is going to get in the primaries against Jim Hall."

"Wiley," put in Janet slowly, "last week the governor was asking about Curran of the News."

Wiley flushed, disconcerted for once. He felt that Janet was shrewdly reading him. He had met Governor Delroy once—the fighting anti-ring governor, whom the rebellion of the north insurgents had put in the chair. But that Delroy remembered him! After all, with his philandering old News, had he really done something? He raised his eyes to see Janet smiling fondly at him, that old affectionate camaraderie of days long dead. Harlan, too, smiled. It was rather droll to consider this obscure country editor as a contestant against James Hall, one time his elder's law partner, now one of the most powerful figures of the lower house. What, then, was Wiley Curran in the new civic conscience of the state? What hidden forces were arrayed against the old order, the easy dominance of property and class to which privilege had given a sort of sanctity? He had his first feeling of vast consciousness, now, with these challenging friends. And slowly his thoughts went back to Aurelie, to that alien resentful shame with which he had become aware of his failure to reconcile his love for her with his sense of obligation to his parents, their tradition, breeding, their love and hopes for him. This seemed deepest in him, this abiding sense of honor to them, to their gentle birth and manners of their kind. There were two sorts of right, then—the clamor of those who ought up to seize the good of life, and the steadfast resolution of those who possessed this good and would hold it against others. Nothing new in the problem. Harlan was considered an amiable and democratic young man, yet he could not define certain reserves in himself and why it was almost impossible to pass these reserves or admit others to them, although they were the common understanding of cultured people everywhere. That was it—this bond of cultured people! And social rebels, political rebels; the eternal spirit of rebellion of any sort did not move this, or cared nothing for it—the round-and-tumble of life left little time for its fineness. That was left to those of the established order, an aristocracy which, much as he hated the word, he must belong. That was why he could acutely see Aurelie as the little plebeian, after all; of obscure origin and social gaucherie once she was placed with people of his sort. His sense of orderliness detested any such thing, and so, in his cooler moments, he told himself he did not really love her. She had touched him with the echos of her love for him, the pathos of her defeated gaiety and courage, the strangeness of her life; that was all, he told himself. He had been sorry for her—yes, that was all. But he wondered at his anguish and his shame that night she ran away from him.

His thoughts came back to his friends in the News office. In this foggy shop the sense of social revolt festered; it was not strange that through the News Aurelie had come to this abominable notoriety; all the things about Aurelie that would exasperate Harlan would merely delight the vagabond soul of Wiley Curran. It was no use being angry at Wiley about his yellow dog of a paper would merely yelp the louder.

Even now, when Janet Vance and Arne were trying to compel a moment's serious thought in Mr. Curran, the editor was yawning, "Me—for congress? Did you actually think I am beginning a career? Janet, yesterday I was kicking away at this old job press when a drummer blew in here and tried to sell me a set of desk stamps. He was one of those ingratiating boosters, and as I had my hat on he thought I was about forty-one.

He set down his case, as I didn't stop work, and began to tell me how much good it did him to see a young man fighting away down here to make a start in life.

'I said, 'Stranger, what you see here is no start in life; it's a finish!'"

Miss Vance did not smile—at first. Then, at Wiley's rueful discomfiture she did. But she said sternly, "Wiley, I am ashamed of you!"

"So am I, Janet." He crossed his eyes over the waste-paper basket and laughed. "But I'm growing up—slowly. You know what Arne means. The trampish camp of his northmen—the big-limbed students up the hill. And I see his leaders, too. I know what Delroy is and means. Good God, I gave my life to the west!" He sat forward, his eyes shining. "Only it was its poetry and its epic bigness that got me, not its outcry of conscience, its political idealism. Arne felt that; he brought it back to us here in the south. And you know, Janet! Something at last has moved me!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Insurance and Street Franchise Fights

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AS REGARDS most legislation, even that affecting labor and the forests, I got on fairly well with the machine. But on the two issues in which "big business" and the kind of politics which is allied to big business were most involved we clashed hard—and clashing with Senator Platt meant clashing with the entire Republican organization, and with the organized majority in each house of the legislature. One clash was in connection with the superintendent of insurance, a man whose office made him a factor of immense importance in the big business circles of New York. The then incumbent of the office was an efficient man, the boss of an up-state county, a veteran politician and one of Mr. Platt's right-hand men. Certain investigations which I made—in the course of the fight—showed that this superintendent of insurance had been engaged in large business operations in New York city. These operations had thrown him into a peculiarly intimate business contact of one sort and another with various financiers with whom I did not deem it expedient that the superintendent of insurance, while such, should have any intimate and secret money-making relations. Moreover, the gentleman in question represented the straitest sect of the old-time spoils politicians. I therefore determined not to reappoint him. Unless I could get his successor confirmed, however, he would stay in under the law, and the Republican machine, with the assistance of Tammany, expected to control far more than a majority of all the senators.

An Ultimatum.

Mr. Platt issued an ultimatum to me that the incumbent must be reappointed or else that he would fight, and that if he chose to fight the man would stay in anyhow because I could not oust him—for under the New York constitution the assent of the senate was necessary not only to appoint a man to office but to remove him from office. As always with Mr. Platt, I persistently refused to lose my temper, no matter what he said—he was much too old and physically feeble for there to be any point of honor in taking up any of his remarks—and I merely explained good-humoredly that I had made up my mind and that the gentleman in question would not be retained. As for not being able to get his successor confirmed, I pointed out that as soon as the legislature adjourned I could and would appoint another man temporarily. Mr. Platt then said that the incumbent would be put back as soon as the legislature reconvened; I admitted that this was possible, but added cheerfully that I would remove him again just as soon as that legislature adjourned; and that even though I had an uncomfortable time myself, I would guarantee to make my opponents more uncomfortable still. We parted without any sign of reaching an agreement.

There remained some weeks before final action could be taken, and the senator was confident that I would have to yield. His most efficient allies were the pretended reformers, most of them my open or covert enemies, who loudly insisted that I must make an open fight on the senator himself. This was what he wished, for at that time there was no way of upsetting him within the Republican party; and, as I have said, if I had permitted the contest to assume the shape of a mere faction fight between the governor and the United States senator I would have insured the victory of the machine. So I blandly refused to let the thing become a personal fight, explaining again and again that I was perfectly willing to appoint an organization man, and naming two or three whom I was willing to appoint, but also explaining that I would not retain the incumbent, and would not appoint any man of his type. Meanwhile pressure on behalf of the said incumbent began to come from the business men of New York.

Public and Private Views

The Superintendent of Insurance was not a man whose ill will the big life insurance companies cared to incur, and company after company passed resolutions asking me to reappoint him, although in private some of the men who signed these resolutions nervously explained that they did not mean what they had written, and hoped I would remove the man. A citizen prominent in reform circles, marked by the Cato-like austerity of his reform professions, had a son who was a counsel for one of the insurance companies. The father was engaged in writing letters to the papers demanding in the name of uncompromising virtue that I should not only get rid of the Superintendent of Insurance, but in his place should appoint somebody or other personally offensive to Senator Platt — which last proposition, if adopted, would have meant that the Superintendent of Insurance would have stayed in for the reasons I have already given. Meanwhile the son came to see me on behalf of the insurance company he represented and told me that the company was anxious that there should be a change in the superintendency; that if I really meant to fight they thought they had influence with four of the state senators, Democrats and Republicans, whom they could get to vote to confirm the man I nominated, but that they wished to be sure that I would not abandon the fight, because it would be a very bad thing for them if I started the fight and then backed down. I told my visitor that he need be under no apprehensions, that I would certainly see the fight through. A man who has much to do with that kind of politics which concerns both New York politicians and New York business men and lawyers is not easily surprised, and therefore I felt no other emotion than a rather sardonic amusement when 36 hours later I read in the morning paper an open letter from the officials of the very company who had been communicating with me in which they enthusiastically advocated the renomination of the superintendent. Shortly afterwards my visitor, the young lawyer, called me up on the telephone and explained that the officials did not mean what they had said in this letter, that they had been obliged to write it for fear of the superintendent, but that if they got the chance they intended to help me get rid of him. I thanked him and said I thought I could manage the fight by myself. I did not hear from him again, though his father continued to write public demands that I should practice pure virtue, undefiled and offensive.

A Bluff to the Limit.

Meanwhile Senator Platt declined to yield. I had picked out a man, a friend of his, who I believed would make an honest and competent official, and whose position in the organization was such that I did not believe the senate would venture to reject him. However, up to the day before the appointment was to go to the senate, Mr. Platt remained unyielding. I saw him that afternoon and tried to get him to yield, but he said No, that if I insisted it would be war to the knife, and my destruction, and perhaps the destruction of the party. I said I was very sorry, that I could not yield, and if the war came it would have to come, and that next morning I should send in the name of the superintendent's successor. We parted, and soon afterwards I received from the man who was at the moment Mr. Platt's right-hand lieutenant a request to know where he could see me that evening. I appointed the Union League Club. My visitor went over the old ground, explained that the senator would under no circumstances yield, that he was certain to win in the fight, that my reputation would be destroyed, and that he wished to save me from such a lamentable smash-up as an ending to my career. I could only repeat what I had already said, and after half an hour of futile argument I rose and said that nothing was to be gained by further talk and that I might as well go. My visitor repeated that I had this last chance, and that ruin was ahead of me if I refused it; whereas, if I accepted, everything would be made easy. I shook my head and answered, "There is nothing to add to what I have already said." He responded, "You have made up your mind?" and I said, "I have." He then said, "You know it means your ruin?" and I answered, "Well, we will see about that," and walked toward the door. He said, "You understand, the fight will begin tomorrow and will be carried on to the bitter end." I said, "Yes," and added, as I reached the door, "Good-night." Then, as the door opened, my opponent, or visitor, whichever one chooses to call him, whose face was as impassive and as inscrutable as that of Mr. John Hamlin in a poker game, said: "Hold on! We accept. Send in So-and-so (the man I had named). The senator is very sorry, but he will make no further opposition!" I never saw a bluff carried more resolutely through to the final limit. My success in the affair, coupled with the appointment of Messrs. Partridge and Hooker, secured me against further effort to interfere with my handling of the executive departments.

Began as Roosevelt's Stenographer

"Mr. Loeb gave me much valuable information about various improper practices in the insurance business."

Mr. Perkins and Insurance.

It was in connection with the insurance business that I first met Mr. George W. Perkins. He came to me with a letter of introduction from the then speaker of the national house of representatives, Tom Reed, which ran: "Mr. Perkins is a personal friend of mine, whose straightforwardness and intelligence will commend to you whatever he has to say. If you will give him proper opportunity to explain his business, I have no doubt that what he will say will be worthy of your attention." Mr. Perkins wished to see me with reference to a bill that had just been introduced in the legislature which aimed to limit the aggregate volume of insurance that any New York state company could assume. There were then three big insurance companies in New York—the Mutual Life, Equitable, and New York Life. Mr. Perkins was a vice president of the New York Life Insurance Co. and Mr. John A. McCall was its president. I had just finished my fight against the superintendent of insurance, whom I refused to continue in office. Mr. McCall had written me a very strong letter urging that he be retained, and had done everything he could to aid Senator Platt in securing his retention. The Mutual Life and Equitable people had openly followed the same course, but in private had hedged. They were both backing the proposed bill. Mr. McCall was opposed to it; he was in California and, just before starting thither he had been told by the Mutual Life and Equitable that the limitation bill was favored by me and would be put through if such a thing were possible. Mr. McCall did not know me, and on leaving for California told Mr. Perkins that from all he could learn he was sure I was bent on putting this bill through, and that nothing he could say to me would change my view; in fact, because he had fought so hard to retain the old insurance superintendent, he felt that I would be particularly opposed to anything he might wish done.

As a matter of fact, I had no such feeling. I had been carefully studying the question. I had talked with the Mutual Life and Equitable people about it, but was not committed to any particular course, and had grave doubts as to whether it was well to draw the line on size instead of on conduct. I was therefore very glad to see Perkins and get a new point of view. I went over the matter with a great deal of care and at considerable length, and after we had thrashed the matter out pretty fully and Perkins had laid before me in detail the methods employed by Austria, Germany, Switzerland and other European countries to handle their large insurance companies, I took the position that there undoubtedly were evils in the insurance business, but that they did not consist in insuring people's lives, for that certainly was not an evil; and I did not see how the real evils could be eradicated by limiting or suppressing a company's ability to protect an additional number of lives with insurance. I therefore announced that I would not favor a bill that limited volume of business, and would not sign it if it were passed; but that I favored legislation that would make it impossible to place, through agents, policies that were ambiguous and misleading, or to pay exorbitant prices to agents for business or to invest policy-holders' money in improper securities, or to give power to officers to use the company's funds for their own personal profit. In reaching this determination I was helped by Mr. Loeb, then merely a stenographer in my office, but who had already attracted by attention both by his efficiency and by his loyalty to his former employers, who were for the most part my political opponents. Mr. Loeb gave me much information about various improper practices in the insurance business. I began to gather data on the subject, with the intention of bringing about corrective legislature, for at that time I expected to continue in office as governor. But in a few weeks I was nominated as vice president, and my successor did nothing about the matter.

So far as I remember, this was the first time the question of correcting evils in a business by limiting the volume of business to be done was ever presented to me, and my decision in the matter was on all fours with the position I have always since taken when any similar principle was involved. At the time when I made my decision about the limitation bill, I was on friendly terms with the Mutual and Equitable people who were back of it, whereas I did not know Mr. McCall at all, and Mr. Perkins only from hearing him discuss the bill.

Five Years Later.

An interesting feature of the matter developed subsequently. Five years later, after the insurance investigations took place, the Mutual Life strongly urged the passage of a Limitation Bill, and, because of the popular feeling developed by the exposure of the improper practices of the companies, this bill was generally approved. Governor Hughes adopted the suggestion, such a bill was passed by the legislature, and Governor Hughes signed it. This bill caused the three great New York companies to reduce markedly the volume of business they were doing; it threw a great many agents out of employment, and materially curtailed the foreign business of the companies—which business was bringing annually a considerable sum of money to this country for investment. In short, the experiment worked so badly that before Governor Hughes went out of office one of the very last bills he signed was one that permitted the life insurance companies to increase their business each year by an amount representing a certain percentage of the business they had previously done. This in practice, within a few years, practically annulled the limitation bill that had been previously passed. The experiment of limiting the size of business, of legislating against it merely because it was big, had been tried, and had failed so completely that the authors of the bill had themselves in effect repealed it. My action in refusing to try the experiment had been completely justified.

The Palisade Park Commission.

As a sequel to this incident I got Mr. Perkins to serve on the Palisade Park commission. At the time I was taking active part in the effort to save the Palisades from vandalism and destruction by getting the states of New York and New Jersey jointly to include them in a public park. It is not easy to get a responsible and capable man of business to undertake such a task, which is unpaid, which calls on his part for an immense expenditure of time, money, and energy, which offers no reward of any kind, and which entails the certainty of abuse and misrepresentation. Mr. Perkins accepted the position, and has filled it for the last thirteen years, doing as disinterested, efficient, and useful a bit of public service as any man in the state has done throughout these thirteen years.

A Clash With the Machine.

The case of most importance in which I classed with Senator Platt related to a matter of fundamental government policy, and was the first step I ever took toward bringing big corporations under effective governmental control. In this case I had to fight the Democratic machine as well as the Republican machine, for Senator Hill and Senator Platt were equally opposed to my action, and the big corporation men, the big business men back of both of them, took precisely the same view of these matters without regard to their party feelings on other points. What I did convulsed people at that time, and marked the beginning of the effort, at least in the eastern states, to make the great corporations really responsible to popular wish and governmental command. But we have gone so far past the stage in which we then were that now it seems well-nigh incredible that there should have been any opposition at all to what I at that time proposed.

Street Car Franchises.

The substitution of electric power for horse power in the street car lines of New York offered a fruitful chance for the most noxious type of dealing between business men and politicians. The franchises granted by New York were granted without any attempt to secure from the grantees returns, in the way of taxation or otherwise, for the value received. The fact that they were thus granted by improper favoritism, a favoritism which in many cases was unquestionably secured by downright bribery, led to all kinds of trouble. In return for the continuance of these improper favors to the corporations the politicians expected improper favors in the way of excessive campaign contributions, often contributed by the same corporation at the same time to two opposing parties. Before I became governor a bill had been introduced into the New York legislature to tax the franchises of these street railways. It affected a large number of corporations, but particularly those in New York and Buffalo. It had been suffered to slumber undisturbed, as none of the people in power dreamed of taking it seriously, and both the Republican and Democratic machines were hostile to it. Under the rules of the New York legislature, a bill could always be taken up out of its turn and passed if the governor sent in a special emergency message on its behalf.

After I was elected Governor I had my attention directed to the franchise tax matter, looked into the subject, and came to the conclusion that it was a matter of plain decency and honesty that these companies should pay a tax on their franchises, inasmuch as they did nothing that could be considered as service rendered the public in lieu of a tax. This seemed to me so evidently the common-sense and decent thing to do that I was hardly prepared for the storm of protest and anger which my proposal aroused. Senator Platt and the other machine leaders did everything to get me to abandon my intention. As usual, I saw them, talked the matter all over with them, and did my best to convert them to my way of thinking. Senator Platt, I believe, was quite sincere in his opposition. He did not believe in popular rule, and he did believe the big business men were entitled to have things their way. He profoundly distrusted the people—naturally enough, for the kind of human nature with which a boss comes in contact is not of an exalted type. He felt that anarchy would come if there was any interference with a system by which the people in mass were, under various necessary cloaks, controlled by the leaders in the political and business worlds. He wrote me a very strong letter of protest against my attitude, expressed in dignified, friendly, and temperate language, but using one word in a curious way. This was the word "altruistic." He stated in his letter that he had not objected to my being independent in politics, because he had been sure that I had the good of the party at heart, and meant to act farly and honorably; but that he had been warned, before I became a candidate, by a number of his business friends that I was a dangerous man because I was "altruistic," and that he now feared that my conduct would justify the alarm thus expressed. I was interested in this, not only because Senator Platt was obviously sincere, but because of the way in which he used "altruistic" as a term of reproach, as if it was communistic or socialistic—the last being a word he did use to me when, as now and then happened, he thought that my proposals warranted fairly reckless vituperation.

Senator Platt's Letter.

Senator Platt's letter ran in part as follows:

"When the subject of your nomination was under consideration, there was one matter that gave me real anxiety. I think you will have no trouble in appreciating the fact that it was not the matter of your independence. I think we have got far enough along in our political acquaintance for you to see that my support in a convention does not imply subsequent "demand" nor any other relation that may not reasonably exist for the welfare of the party. The thing that did bother me was this: I had heard from a good many sources that you were a little loose on the relations of capital and labor, on trusts and combinations, and, indeed, on those numerous questions which have recently arisen in politics affecting the security of earnings and the right of a man to run his own business in his own way, with due respect of course to the ten commandments and the penal code. Or, to get at it even more clearly, I understood from a number of business men, and among them many of your own personal friends, that you entertained various altruistic ideas, all very well in their way, but which before they could safely be put into law needed very profound consideration. . . You have just adjourned a legislature which created a good opinion throughout the state. I congratulate you heartily upon this fact because I sincerely believe, as everybody else does, that this good impression exists very largely as a result of your personal influence in the legislative chambers. But at the last moment, and to my very great surprise, you did a thing which has caused the business community of New York to wonder how far the notions of Populism, as laid down in Kansas and Nebraska, have taken hold upon the Republican party of the state of New York."

The Reply.

In my answer I pointed out to the senator that I had as governor unhesitatingly acted, at Buffalo and elsewhere, to put down mobs, without regard to the fact that the professed leaders of labor furiously denounced me for so doing; but that I could no more tolerate wrong committed in the name of property than wrong committed against property. My letter ran in part as follows: "I knew that you had just the feelings that you describe; that is, apart from my 'impulsiveness,' you felt that there was a justifiable anxiety among men of means, and especially men representing large corporate interests, lest I might feel too strongly on what you term the 'altruistic' side in matters of labor and capital and as regards the relations of the state to great corporation. . . . I know that when parties divide on such issues (as Bryanism) the tendency is to force everybody into one of two camps, and to throw out entirely men like myself, who are as strongly opposed to Populism in every stage as the greatest representative of corporate wealth, but who also feel strongly that many of these representatives of enormous corporate wealth have themselves been responsible for a portion of the conditions against which Bryanism is in ignorant revolt. I do not believe that it is wise or safe for us as a party to take refuge in mere negation and to say that there are no evils to be corrected. It seems to me that our attitude should be one of correcting the evils and thereby showing that, whereas the Populists, Socialists, and others really do not correct the evils at all, or else only do so at the expense of producing others in aggravated form, on the contrary we Republicans hold the just balance and set ourselves as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand as against demagogy and mob rule on the other. I understand perfectly that such an attitude of moderation is apt to be misunderstood when passions are greatly excited and when victory is apt to rest with the extremists on one side or the other; yet I think it is in the long run the only wise attitude. . . . I appreciate absolutely (what Mr. Platt had said) that any applause I get will be too evanescent for a moment's consideration. I appreciate absolutely that the people who now loudly approve of my action in the franchise tax bill will forget all about it in a fortnight, and that, on the other hand, the very powerful interests adversely affected will always remember it. . . . (the leaders) urged upon me that I personally could not afford to take this action, for under no circumstances could I ever again be nominated for any public office, as no corporation would subscribe to a campaign fund if I was on the ticket, and that they would subscribe most heavily to beat me; and when I asked if this were true of Republican corporations, the cynical answer was made that the corporations that subscribed most heavily to the campaign funds subscribed impartially to both party organizations. Under all these circumstances, it seemd to me there was no alternative but to do what I could to secure the passage of the bill."

These two letters, written in the spring of 1899, express clearly the views of the two elements of the Republican party, whose hostility gradually grew until it culminated 13 years later. In 1912 the political and financial forces of which Mr. Platt had once been the spokesman usurped the control of the party machinery and drove out of the party the men who were loyally endeavoring to apply the principles of the founders of the party to the needs and issues of their own day.

Greater Profits for Farmers

American farmers will secure greater profits when they have learned how to market their products to the best advantage. They need in the first place the widest possible diversity of crops and next a keener knowledge of selling.

The small inland city is the best place for disposing of farm products. Many sagacious farmers have private customers for their hogs, chickens, butter, eggs, etc. Where this is the case much more than the wholesale market price is obtained.

Those living within a few miles of a thriving city can secure private customers for fruit and vegetables, as well as for butter, eggs and poultry. This is the most profitable way of marketing. The farmer gains the middleman's profit and the customer is pleased to obtain fresh products without unreasonable trouble or expense.

It would seem incredible that there are not enough vegetables raised in some of the states for the interior markets, but such is the fact. Merchants in all of the little cities are accustomed to ship in such products as celery, onions, peas, beets, cabbage, cucumbers, cauliflowers and even potatoes.

These are articles that pay enormously compared to grain farming or dairying. They involve little expense or risk and their production serves to distribute the season's labor evenly and to make it more profitable than when it is confined to one or two products. So long as city populations develop at the ratio shown in the last decade there will be no danger of raising too much fruit or truck.

The producer in disposing of honey, berries, cherries and other articles which come in the line of fancy farming gets twice as much by selling to private customers as to commission houses. It makes a lot of difference whether a man with an orchard receives $1.25 or $2.50 a bushel for cherries.

These figures fairly represent the commission dealer's price and the rate paid by consumers. The wholesale price of honey is 12 to 14 cents, but private customers pay 20 to 22 cents. In butter, eggs and poultry this principle applies with similar force. Nearly every town housekeeper is glad to contract by the year for regular supplies of fresh produce. There is profit on both sides in an arrangement of this kind.

This argument for diversification and business applies to both big and little farmers. It is unwise for land owners to neglect fruit, vegetables and the general run of what they call truck. There are liberal profits in these products if they are handled with skill and sold to advantage. When the farm is conducted so there is a regular income from a variety of little things it only takes ordinary sense to give success either to a man or a woman.

It pays well to be able to furnish in their season such articles as strawberries, currants, cucumbers, cherries, apples, raspberries, sweet corn, cabbage, honey and other products of the kind.

These pay ten times as much as the grain crops. An acre of cherries or apples will net about $150 after paying for the labor of picking and marketing. The others are equally profitable, or nearly so.

The markets have never yet been over-supplied. In fact they seem to be further from that condition today than ever before.

THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTR XX.

In the White Room.

"Annalaka, July 15.

"To Hotel Eyrie, Martindale Center: Dust 571 and send up seven chairs.

CHESTER KENT."

"Now I wonder what that might mean?" mused the day clerk of the Eyrie, as he read the telegram through for the second time. "Convention in the Room of Mystery, maybe?

To satisfy his curiosity he went up to the room himself. Its white bareness confirmed a suspicion of long standing.

"Any man," he remarked to the scrub woman, "who would pay five a day for a room just to put nothing at all in it, has sure got a kink in his cogs."

Nor did the personnel of the visitors who, in course of the late afternoon, arrived with requests to be shown to 571, serve to efface this impression. First came the sheriff from Annalaka. He was followed by a man of unmistakably African derivation, who gave the name of Jim and declined to identify himself more specifically. While the clerk was endeavoring, with signal lack of success, to pump him, Lawyer Adam Bain arrived, and so emphatically vouched for his predecessor as to leave the desk lord no further excuse for obstructive tactics. Shortly afterward Alexander Blair came in, with a woman heavily veiled, and was deferentially conducted aloft. Finally, Chester Kent himself appeared, accompanied by Sedgwick and a third man, unknown to the clerk, pompously arrayed in frock coat and silk hat, and characterized by a painfully twitching chin.

"Who have come?" Kent asked the clerk.

That functionary ran over the list. "Looks like something to do with the woman found in Lonesome Cove last week," he essayed hopefully.

Kent glanced out of the window. "It looks like rain," he observed, "and it looks like wind. And it looks like a number of things that are anybody's business. Furthermore, I may mention that we shall not need, in 571, ice water, stationery, casual messages, calling cards, or any other form of espionage." He favored the wilting clerk with a sunny smile and led his companions to the elevator.

Sedgwick put a hand on his arm. "The woman with Blair?" he asked under his breath.

Kent nodded. "I rather hoped that she wouldn't come," he said. "Blair might better have told her—so far as he knows."

"Then he doesn't know all?"

"No. And perhaps she would be content with nothing else. It is her right. And she is a brave woman, is Marjorie Blair, as Jax here can testify. We have seen her under fire."

"She is that," confirmed the man with the twitching chin.

"This, then, is the final clear-up?" asked Sedgwick.

"Final and complete."

"Thank God! It will be a weight off my shoulders."

"Off many shoulders," said Kent. "Here we are."

Greetings among the little group, so strangely and harshly thrown together by the dice-cast of the hand of Circumstance, were brief and formal. Only Preston Jax was named by Kent, with the comment that his story would be forthcoming. The seven guests seated themselves, the Blairs at one end of the half-circle, Sedgwick and the astrologer at the other. Kent, leaning against the wall, fumbled uncertainly at his ear.

"I hardly know where to begin," he said, his eyes roving along the intent line. "Not that the case isn't perfectly clear; but there are certain startling phases which—which—" He glanced toward the Blairs.

Marjorie Blair smiled bravely at him. "Don't be alarmed for me, Professor Kent," she said. "What I most want is to have everything cleared up—everything!"

"First, your jewels, then."

Kent turned to Preston Jax, who handed him a package. Opening it, Kent displayed the wonderful Grosvenor rose-topazes, with a miscellaneous lot of rings sparkling among their coils. With a cry, Marjorie caught up the necklace.

"Are all the remainder of the lost valuables there, Mrs. Blair?" asked Kent.

She glanced carelessly at the rings. "I think so. Yes. But this is what matters to me."

"These are all that Preston Jax found on the body."

Alexander Blair leaned from his seat the better to take Preston Jax, as the other end of the crescent, under consideration.

"It was you who found the body?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the astrologer uneasily.

"Were you alone when you found it"

"Yes. No. I don't know. There was a man somewheres near. I heard him but I never saw him."

"Was Mr. Francis Sedgwick with you that night?" pursued Mr. Blair in measured tones.

"I never saw Mr. Sedgwick until today."

There was a little soft sigh of relief from where Marjorie Blair sat.

"That may or may not be true," said Alexander Blair sternly. "It is the word of a man who has robbed a dead body, if, indeed, he did not also kill—"

"Steady, Mr. Blair," broke in Chester Kent. "Perhaps, considering who is present, we would better approach this in a somewhat calmer spirit."

"I didn't kill or rob any one."

The words seemed to be jerked out from between Preston Jax's teeth by the spasmodic quivering of his chin.

"How came you by my daughter's jewels, then, if you did not take them from the body?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Mexican "Divining Jars"

IN the semi-arid regions of northern Mexico the hunt for water is carried on with great perseverance and varying success, although the divining rod is not used. The "vaqueros and "pastores" of Sonora, Chihuahua and Coahuila have certain tests which they say are even more certain than the witch hazel switch of the water witch. The following are some of them:

Where it is suspected that water may be found in a well of reasonable depth, extend a sheep's pelt with the wool up. In the middle place a fresh egg. Cover by an earthen jar glazed inside when the earth is perfectly dry and the day warm, clear and without wind. At sunrise, on the next day, lift the jar, and if the eggs and the wool near it are covered with dew, water will be found at a greater depth, but if there is no dew either on the egg or the wool there is no water to be found in that vicinity.

Another test is as follows: Grind 60 grains of quicklime and mix it with an equal quantity of paris green and sulphur. Put the mixture in a new jar with 20 grams of unwashed wool. The mouth of the jar should be sealed with an earthenware stopper of the same material as the jar itself. Then weigh it, and when the atmosphere is perfectly dry bury it about eight inches below the surface of the ground and cover it up, beating down the earth. Dig up the jar 24 hours afterward and weigh it. If the weight has increased in the meantime water may be found by digging, but if it weighs less there is no water in the vicinity.

Abe Martin

A lazy woman allus wishes she wuz a man.

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

"Who ever said I didn't take 'em from the body" retorted the other. "I did take 'em. But it wasn't robbery. And what I want to know is, how did they come to be on the body, anyhow? What was that Astraea woman doing with your daughter's rings and necklace? Tell me that!"

"Wait a moment," put in Kent. "Explain to Mr. Blair, Jax, what your purpose was in taking the jewels."

"To hide 'em. I thought the less there was on the body to identify it, the better chance I'd have of getting away. I was so scared that I guess I was half crazy, anyway. And now, I hear, she never has been identified. Is that right?"

Sheriff Schlager half arose from his chair. "Ain't you told 'em, Professor Kent?"

Kent shook his head.

"Nor you, Mr Blair?"

"No."

"Then I don't see why we can't keep it amongst ourselves," said the sheriff. "Gansett Jim's tight as a clam. Nobody'll ever get anything out of him. And, Lord knows, the less that's known of it the better I'm suited. I ain't none too proud of my part in it."

"There is no reason why it should ever be known outside of this room," said Kent, and, at the words, Alexander Blair exhaled to pent-up breath of relief. "But it is due to one person here that she should known everything. The question is how to make it clear in the best and—and kindest way."

"If it will make it easier for any one here to speak," said Marjorie Blair, "I can say that I understand certain phases of my husband's past life, thoroughly. There is no need to spare me on that ground."

"But this pertains to a phase that you do not understand at all."

"Yes, I think so," she persisted gently. "This dead woman had some hold over my husband. To maintain it she came to live near Hedgerow House, and while she was blackmailing Wilfrid, she got into communication with Mr. Jax."

"Perhaps they were in collusion," suggested Lawyer Bain.

"Oh, no no!" broke in Alexander Blair impatiently. "You're wide of the truth."

"I understand," persisted the young woman, "that the woman persuaded or compelled Wilfrid to write the letter to Mr. Jax, which she signed Astraea. And that, when she went to keep the rendezvous, she took my jewels, which, I suppose, she forced poor Wilfrid to steal for her. Am I not right, Professor Kent?"

"No. Far from it."

"Why not?" cried Sedgwick eagerly. "She certainly had the jewels on when she met me. And the handcuffs must have been in the bundle. I heard them click."

"Exactly; the handcuffs," said Kent dryly. "What use, to your mind, would a woman of that sort have for manacles, in those circumstances?"

"Yes," put in Adam Bain: "they fit in about as nice as a pink silk hat at a funeral."

"I know what use she had for 'em," muttered Preston Jax, caressing his wrist. "It's simply a case of crazy woman; isn't it, Professor Kent?"

"No. Not if you mean that your assailant was a crazy woman," said Kent patiently.

"Then who, in heaven's name, is or was Astraea?" cried Sedgwick.

"Astraea is, I take it, a lady long since dead. A very strange and interesting lady who adopted that name for her own peculiar pursuits along our friend Jax's lines of interest."

"They call themselves all sorts of things," observed the astrologer philosophically. "I had a follower once that used to sign herself Carrie Nation, and she wasn't the real Carrie at all. No name is sacred to 'em when they go dippy over the stars."

"Then the woman of Lonesome Cove borrowed that name from some old records" asked Sedgwick.

"Follow me through a page of unwritten local history," said Chester Kent, straightening up "The beginning of this story goes back some 75 years, when there lived, not far from Hogg's Haven, in a house which has since been destroyed, an older sister of Captain Hogg, who married into the Grosvenor family. She was, from the evidence of the Grosvenor family historian, who, by the way, has withheld all this from his pages, a woman of the most extraordinary charm and magnetism. Not beautiful, in the strict sense of the word, she had a gift beyond beauty, and she led men in chains. Her husband appears to have been a weakling who counted for nothing in her life after the birth of her children. Seeking distraction, she flung herself into mysticism and became the priestess of a cult of star-worshipers, which included many of the more cultivated people of this region. Among them was a young German mystic and philosopher, who had fled to this country to escape punishment for political offenses. Hermann von Miltz was his name."

"That's why she called me Hermann," broke in Preston, in an awed half whisper.

"Don't jump to wild conclusions," said Kent smilingly. "Some of their correspondence is still extant. She signed herself Astraea, in handwriting similar to the signature of that note of yours, Jax. There seems to have been no guilt between them, as the law judges guilt. The bond was a mystic one. But it was none the less fatal. It culminated in a tragedy of which the details are lost. Perhaps it was an elopement that they planned; perhaps a double suicide, with the idea that their souls would be united in death. There are hints of that in the old letters in the historian's possession and in the library at Hedgerow House. This much is known: The couple embarked together in a small boat. Von Miltz was never again heard of. Camilla Grosvenor's body came ashore in Lonesome Cove. She was the Cove's earliest recorded victim. The sketch which that mischief-monger, Elder Dennett, left at your door, Sedgwick, supposing it to be a likeness of the unfortunate creature he had seen on the road to your house, is a Charles Elliott sketch for the portrait of Camilla Grosvenor."

"My God!" Jax burst out, "was it a ghost I met up with that night on Hawkill Heights?"

"As near a ghost as you are ever likely to encounter, probably," answered Kent.

"But, see here," said Adam Bain, "I'm a lawyer. The law doesn't deal with ghosts or near-ghosts. Are you trying to tell us, Professor Kent, that the soul of this long-dead Astraea-Camilla Grosvenor, came back to inhabit the body of the Jane Doe of Lonesome Cove?"

"Not precisely that, either. Everything is strictly within the limits of the law's cognizance, Mr. Bain, as you will see. Now I'm going to make a long jump down to the present. If I fail to keep the trail clear, anywhere, you are any of you at liberty to interrupt me. First, then, I want you to follow with me the course of a figure that leaves Hedgerow House on the late afternoon of July fifth. By chance, the figure is not seen, except at a distance by Gansett Jim, who suspected nothing, then. Otherwise it would have been stopped, as it wears Mrs. Blair's necklace and rings."

"Dressing the part of Astraea," guessed Lawyer Bain.

"Precisely. Our jeweled figure, in a dress that is an old one of Mrs. Blair's, and with a package in hand, makes its way across country to the coast."

"To join me," said Preston Jax.

"To join you. Chance brings the wayfarer face to face with that gentleman of the peekaboo mind, Elder Dennett. They talk. The stranger asks—quite by chance, though the Elder assumed it was otherwise—about the home of Francis Sedgwick. At the entrance to Sedgwick's place the pair met. There was a curious encounter, ending in Sedgwick's demanding an explanation of the rose-topazes, which he knew to be Mrs. Blair's."

"How did he know that?" demanded Alexander Blair.

"Because I had worn them when I sat to him," said Marjorie Blair quietly.

"You sat to Sedgwick? For your picture? Why didn't you tell me of this?"

"No explanation was due you. It was a matter of chance, our acquaintance. Mr. Sedgwick did not even know who I was."

"Nor who his other visitor was, I suppose!" said Blair with a savage sneer.

"No," said Sedgwick, "nor do I know to this day."

"The stranger," continued Kent, "refused to give Sedgwick any explanation, and when he threatened to follow, stunned him with a rock, and escaped. Some distance down the road the wayfarer encountered Simon P. Groot, the itinerant merchant. Sedgwick afterward met him and made inquiries, but obtained no satisfaction."

"Why was Mr. Sedgwick so eager to recover the trail, if he had not murder in his mind?" demanded Blair.

"You are proceeding on the theory that Sedgwick, knowing who Mrs. Blair was, and who the strange visitor was, deliberately killed the latter for motives of his own. But Sedgwick can prove that he was back in his house by 9 o'clock, and we have a witness here who was talking with the wearer of the necklace at that hour. Jax, let us have your statement."

Holding the copy of the confession in his hand, in case of confusion of memory, the Star-master told of his rendezvous, of the swift savage attack, of the appalling incident of the manacles, of the wild race across the heights, and of the final tragedy.

"I've thought and wondered and figured, day and night," he said, in conclusion, "and I can't get at what that rope and handcuffs meant."

"The handcuffs must have come from that dreadful collection of Captain Hogg's things, in the big hallway at Hedgerow House," said Marjorie Blair.

"Yes," assented Kent, "and the dim clue to their purpose goes back again, I fancy, to the strange mysticism of the original Astraea. The disordered mind, with which we have to deal, seems to have been guarding against any such separation as divided, in death, Astraea from her Hermann."

"But, Chester," objected Sedgwick, "you speak of a disordered mind, and yet you've told us that it isn't a case of insanity."

"Never," contradicted Kent. "You've misinterpreted what I said. In the early stages of the affair I told you, if you remember, that a very bizarre situation indicated a very bizarre motive. What could be more bizarre than insanity?"

"Was it suicidal insanity, then?" asked Bain.

"Not in the ordinary and intentional sense."

"Then it was the other man that killed her," said Preston Jax; "the man I heard yell, when she went over. But what became of him?"

"Simon P. Groot spoke of hearing that man's scream, too," confirmed Bain. "Have you got any clue to him, Professor Kent?"

"The other man was Francis Sedgwick," declared Alexander Blair doggedly.

Chester Kent shook his head.

"I've got a witness against that theory, from your own side, Mr. Blair," said he. "Gansett Jim at first thought as you do. In that belief he tried to kill Mr. Sedgwick. Now he knows his mistake. Isn't that so, Jim?"

"Yeh," grunted the half-breed.

"You were out through the countryside that night trying to trace the wanderer."

"Yeh."

"And later when I showed you the footprints at the scene of the struggle, you saw that they were not Mr. Sedgwick's?"

"Yeh."

"You examined the cliff for footprints. Do you think any one pushed or pursued the victim over the brink?"

"No."

"Whose were the footprints, that you found, Jim?" demanded Alexander Blair.

The half-breed pointed, in silence, to Preston Jax.

"Of course. His and—and the other's. But there were the marks of a third person, weren't there?"

"No."

"There must have been," insisted Mr. Blair. "Are you positive?"

"Yeh."

"Then did the other man, the man whom Jax heard cry out, walk without leaving any trace?"

"There was no other man," said Chester Kent. "Don't you understand, Mr. Blair," he added with significant emphasis, "the source of that cry in the night, heard by Jax and Simon Groot?"

A flash of enlightenment swept Blair's face. "Ah-h-h!" he said in a long-drawn breath. Then: "I was wrong. I beg Mr. Sedgwick's pardon."

Sedgwick bowed. Marjorie Blair's hand went out and her fingers closed softly on the tense hand of her father-in-law.

"No third person had any part whatsoever in the drama which Jax has recounted to us," pursued Kent. "In the morning the body was discovered. Sheriff Schlager was sent for. He found in the pocket something that betrayed the connection of the body with Hedgerow House."

"A bit of writing-paper, with the heading still legible," said the sheriff. "With this he accosted Gansett Jim, who after a night-long search had come out on the cliff. Jim, assuming that the sheriff knew all, told him of the identity of the body. The sheriff saw a chance for money in it—if I do you an injustice, Schlager, you'll correct me."

"Go right ahead. Don't mind me. I'll take my medicine."

"Very well. Schlager adopted the ready-made theory which Mr. Jax had prepared for him, so to speak, that the body was washed ashore; and arranged, with the connivance of Doctor Breed, the medical officer, to bury it as an unknown. For this perversion of their duty, Mr. Blair rewarded them handsomely. As I understand it, he dreaded any publicity attaching itself to Hedgerow House and his family."

"God knows I had suffered enough of that!" murmured Blair.

"Let us hope it is now ended. To avoid this, Mr. Blair was willing even to let the supposed murderer, whom he believed to be Sedgwick, go unscathed of justice. By chance, however, I saw the body on the beach. The most important discovery of all, I missed at that time very stupidly—the more so in that I had a clue, in the character of the assault upon Sedgwick—but I could not overlook the fact that the corpse had not been washed ashore. Moreover, the matter of the manacles stimulated my interest. Not until the inquest, however, did I realize the really startling and unique feature of the case. There is where you and Dr. Breed made your fatal error, Mr. Sheriff."

"That's right. You saw the face when we lifted the lid, I s'pose."

"No. You were too quick in replacing it."

"Then how did you get on to the thing?"

"From seeing the face after the body was returned to the court room."

"Hold on a bit," interrupted Lawyer Bain. "I remember there was a fuss about the corpse not being publicly shown for identification. Some of us insisted. The sheriff gave in. The coffin lid wasn't quarter off when Breed gave a yell and clapped it on again, and they took the body back to his house and shut themselves in with it for half an hour before they took it to the hall again. Naturally being suspicious, I looked at it pretty close; but I didn't see anything queer."

"Possibly you didn't notice a cut on the cheek?" suggested Kent.

(To Be Continued.)

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Will someone please tell the best way of keeping celery through the winter. Should it be taken up and buried like cabbage and covered with straw?—J., Newcastle, Va.

I have a cow that has a hard lump the size of a quarter on her teat where it joins the udder. It is very sore and has an opening in the center. I would like to know what it is and treatment. —Mrs. B., Idaho.

Will some reader give their views on the subject of cutting the foretop of horses? Is not this injurious to the animal, especially when it faces a storm?—S., Pennsylvania.

Fall Plowing Kills Grubs.

The damage to corn, timothy and potatoes in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois done by the common white grubs in 1912 is estimated at not less than $7,000,000. The damage to the same crops in other infested areas is not less than $5,000,000. In the northern states the life cycle of the May beetle or June bug is three years. They were unusually abundant in 1908 and 1911 and the grubs caused the greatest damage in 1909 and 1912. They are expected to be very troublesome next year.

Deep plowing between October 1 and 15 will prove of special value. The grubs will at this time have changed to pupae and adult beetles, which pass the winter in cells, and if the cells are disturbed their inhabitants will be destroyed. Plowing should not be delayed until cold weather, for then the grubs will have gone down to their winter quarters beyond the reach of the plow.

An infested field may be thoroughly freed from grubs by pasturing it with hogs, and this method should be followed wherever possible. Hogs will root to a depth of a foot or more in search of grubs. Pasturing with hogs should not be delayed later than the middle of October nor practiced earlier than April or May, since in winter the grubs are probably too deep in the ground to be reached.

Take Care of the Tools.

Tools improperly cared for and not housed wear out much sooner than those which are taken care of, to say nothing about the time required to put a tool into condition which has thus been treated. The ideal way to care for tools is to have a tool house. It is easily put up at a small cost. If built away from buildings the danger from fire is eliminated and a saving in insurance could be made if desired.

Of all classes who use tools or machinery the farmer is most careless. In many cases he is a renter and the tools stand out doors from lack of room or from lack of interest as long as there is no proper place for them. Many do not stop to think of the amount of their investment in tools which may account for seeing plows, harrows, cultivators, haying machinery, etc., standing where last used.

POULTRY

Diseases.

The gapes constitute probably the most common form of all poultry diseases. They are caused by a small worm, taken into the throat through feed picked up from the ground, from drinking water or from fishing worms. The gape worm is a parasite of the fishing worm an it is from this cource that the trouble commonly originates. New ground and vigorous cultivation will often remedy this trouble.

The best preventive is the use of lime on the ground supposed to be infested with this parasite and to keep the chicks away from the old roosting places.

Another common disease of chicks is white diarrhoea, which is caused by a germ. Where white diarrhoea is prevalent in a flock, all sitting eggs should be cleaned by wiping them with about 95 per cent grain alcohol, and if an incubator is used it should be washed with disinfectants. Sanitary conditions are the best preventive; a cure is difficult.

Roup, or contagious catarrh, is contracted through exposure to drafts or other means of taking cold. Susceptibility to this disease is inherent. It is very contagious, and while curable, generally unfits the fowls it attacks for further usefulness. The safest and best way to get rid of this disease is the ax.

Lice and Mites.

Among the greatest foes of both little chicks and laying hens confined in houses are the external parasites—lice and mites.

To little chicks head lice are most troublesome, fastening themselves near the back of the head, near the base of the brain and gradually killing their victim.

Greasing the head of each chick with carbolized vaseline will be found effective. Kerosene and lard in equal quantities will also bring good results.

Body lice live on the feathers on all parts of the body. The mites live on the blood of the fowls and annoy them only at night, hiding during the day in cracks, dropping boards, walls or any other spot about the house where they can find concealment. They are found on the under side of the roost and are frequently mistaken for dust.

All the different species of body lice will yield to the same treatment, and that is a good dust bath. In all poultry houses and for all ages of fowls a dust bath should be provided. It is made usually of ashes and dirt placed in boxes where it will be convenient for the fowls to reach.

Preparations for Winter.

The poultry houses should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected and all old boards should be removed. Examine the houses and if necessary repair the roof. Then apply a liberal coat of whitewash inside and outside and to the nest boxes and perches.

Plow the yards or runs very deep and sow rye, wheat or winter oats, or better still, mix these grains in equal parts. If the yards are large enough this will supply the fowls with green food during the open winter weather.

When the chickens are brought in from the range to be housed they should be rigidly culled, discarding every specimen that is not normally developed or that is overgrown, undersized, or defective in any way.

The comb is one of the best indexes of a fowl's health, and if the pullets have bright red combs well developed, with proper care they are liable to be on the job as egg producers during the winter. Changing the birds from free range to winter quarters very often affects the health of some, and for this reason it becomes necessary to make a second culling in about two weeks.

An Unusual Incubator.

During the hot spell of July 1 to 5, 12 chickens were hatched from a setting of 15 eggs by none other than old Sol himself. A. B. Hall, a farmer of Emporia, Kans., had a hen on the

nest which seemed to be suffering from the heat, so she was removed. Here the sun took it upon himself to finish the job, which was accomplished five days later. Twelve chicks of Sol parentage are now lending some class to that poultry yard.

Sand for Sick Chicks.

I see so often in the paper of people being troubled with their diarrhoea in their chicks. Three years ago we lost most all of our young chicks with this disease and I concluded it was the want of sand, so this year we have sieved sand for them when they are one day old and put a little bran on it and the next day we give them bran millet and wheat and corn chop, all mixed, equal parts, on the sand—just a little so they will get more sand than the mixture, and this year I have 150 and have scarcely lost a chick. I had 56 little ones and did not lose one until I ran out of sand, when one died and the others looked bad, so we got the sand right away and they picked up immediately. For mite lice we use a pint of grease and one quart of coal oil and a pint of crude carbolic acid and take a swab of turkey wing and fill all the crevices in the chicken houses with the mixture and we have not seen any of the lice since two years ago, barring one or two times in the summer when I went right at the roosts with the mixture and they quickly disappeared.—J. D. Hunter, Kansas.

LIVE STOCK

Weaning Young Pigs.

Pigs should not be weaned until they are about 10 weeks old. If the sow is to raise but one litter a year it is best not to wean them until they are 12 weeks old, as their mother's milk is their best feed.

Before the pigs are weaned they should become accustomed to eating slop and solid feed. At the age of five or six weeks they will learn to eat shelled corn and other grain, and they will drink skim milk even earlier. Feed them regularly with grain and good slop for three or four weeks before weaning, so that when they are taken from the sow they will have learned how to eat all kinds of feed good for them. No digestive troubles will then take place.

If at weaning time pigs can be placed on clover or other green pasture they will get along all right. If the weaning takes place in winter, roots make a good substitute for pasture. Bright clover or alfalfa hay will be eaten with relish and will do them good.

At any season skim milk is one of the very best feeds for pigs at weaning, as it completely takes the place of the sow's milk. If only a small amount of milk can be spared for this purpose, it is well to mix it with warm water and add wheat middlings.

Caution in Feeding Millet.

Overripe millet hay may prove injurious to live stock, especially horses. The ripe seeds affect the kidneys, and the short, stiff hairs on the ripe seed head are also detrimental to animals. Millet that is cut at the proper stage of growth has no ill effects on sheep or cattle.

The North Dakota station found that millet used as the sole roughage for horses produced an increased action of the kidneys, swelling of the joints, and lameness Where some other feed is used with it, no bad results need be feared.

Horses Need Grain.

Many farmers who have no work for their horses in winter feed them almost wholly on hay. This is done with the intention of wintering them cheaply, but I doubt if it is cheaper to give a horse three or four times as much hay as they should have with a balanced ration in order to save a few bushels of oats. Moreover, they are in poor condition to commence spring work.

A heavy feed of grain does them nearly as much harm as good the first week they commence work. Grain should be the mainstay of a ration for horses, with hay enough to balance it. Feed less of both when the horses are not working. A horse of mature age will winter in good condition with half the hay and grain when not working that is required in doing hard work every day.

THE ORCHARD

Picking and Sorting Apples.

Apples must be handled like eggs, for every pinch and bruise will show as a dark spot in the fruit. This is more noticeable in green and yellow varieties than in colored sorts, but the injury is there just the same.

A drop-handle, round half-bushel basket, well padded on the inside, is best for picking. Picking bags are sometimes more convenient, but the fruit is always bruised more or less in them. The drop-handle basket can be carefully turned in a barrel, and the fruit emptied without injury. Never pour the apples from the basket into the crate or barrel, but turn them out so they will not drop even as little as six inches.

Light, straight ladders are best for picking fruit of all kinds. They are easier for the pickers to handle and can be set into the trees without knocking off much fruit or breaking fruit spurs and limbs. In the great fruit orchards of western New York, basswood ladders are used extensively. These are very light to handle, yet strong enough for all purposes. Self-supporting ladders should be used for all trees.

Where the fruit is to be shipped immediately, sort and pack the apples in the orchard. For this purpose use a movable packing table. This is 3½ feet wide and 6 feet long, with legs securely fastened in the corners to bring to a convenient height. Cover the top with canvas or burlap securely nailed to the side pieces. There will be no bruising of fruit handled on such tables.

If the fruit is to be stored in bins in the cellar, round bushel baskets are best for carrying it. The fruit can be handled in these with least injury.

Never pick apples and leave them in piles on the ground. The quicker they can be put in storage the better they will keep. The old idea of putting them in piles to sweat is the cause of great loss and injury, as they ripen fast and the attacks of rot, snails and other insects spoil or injure many.

Rejuvenating Old Orchards.

Bulletin 141 of the West Virginia experiment station, Morgantown, W. Va., is entitled 'The Rejuvenation of Old Orchards." The bulletin, by Professor W. H. Alderman, gives a brief description of causes leading to the decadence of old orchards, together with timely advice and instruction for bringing such orchards back to a profitable bearing state.

As supporting evidence of the efficiency of these rejuvenation methods the author cites the records of six old orchards that have come to the attention of the experiment station. One orchard of about 600 trees located in Mason county, has proved particularly profitable since its purchase three years ago. This orchard was some 20 years old and had usffered the worst of neglect for 17 years. The various pruning, spraying and cultivation methods were applied and the first year the orchard produced a crop which was sold for $400 on the trees. Practically no crop was produced the following year, but in 1912 the orcahrd yielded 833 barrels of fruit which sold for $1,431.75. The total expense incident to the rejuvenation of this orchard was $788.21, leaving a profit of $1,043.54 for the first three years after taking over the orchard.

Use of Heaters.

That the use of orchard heaters to ward off the killing frosts of spring is a paying operation, especially in orchards of considerable size, is shown by the crop of peaches that was saved this year in the Tibbals orchards of Scioto county. The owners, knowing of the possibilities of having their fruit killed, kept crude oil burners burning throughout the frost season with the result that 4,000 bushels of first grade peaches, now about ready for market, were saved. Other operations are kept up as well as they devote their entire time to planting, pruning and cultivating the tract. The orchard, which covers 85 acres contains 17,000 trees and although this is but the sixth year for them, there have been three crops of peaches, one-third of the trees being full this year. The orchard is said to be among the best in the state and is a good example of what can be done in the way of horticulture in this climate.

THE DAIRY

Making Wholesome Butter.

Good cows, well sheltered, well fed and kindly treated, are essential to successful and profitable buttermaking. Cows which are stabled should be well brushed and the udder wiped with a damp cloth to prevent the fine dust of the barn falling into the pail. This is one cause of bitter milk in winter. A wire strainer with a fine, thin cloth over it keeps everything else out of the milk.

We do not cover the milk until the animal heat is out of it. The sooner it cools, the more cream rises. When the hand separator is not used, the plans are best set in cold water in summer and the water renewed when warm. A shallow zinc box, like the top of a sink, large enough to accommodate all the milk of one milking, is handy. The box should be as deep as the pans, with a spout to let the water off. The pans can be left here until next milking, or when cool set flat on the cellar floor. A frame of lath large enough to cover all the milk can be made with legs two or three inches higher than the pans. Over this stretch muslin and tack tightly.

Tin buckets are best for cream. Thirty-six hours is long enough for milk to set, and 24 hours too long if the milk clabbers. Cream should be churned at least every other day in summer and twice a week in winter. In summer, 60 to 65, and 70 degrees in winter, are about the proper temperatures to begin churning.

Stop churning when the butter is in granules the size of plump wheat kernels and draw off the milk. I like to wash the butter thoroughly by whirling the churn, changing water until it runs clear. Work just enough to mix the salt. The grain then remains and the butter is rich, sweet and toothsome. Too much working makes it solid and tallowy and destroys the sweet, buttery taste.

Never work butter that comes solid in granules, as the average customer prefers it this way, and every bit of milk and water can be gotten out if churned at the right temperature. There are people in every town willing to pay a good price for gilt-edge butter, and cows can be made to be a source of revenue not to be despised by the farmer's family, even when only a few are kept.

No one can make good butter with bad odors around the creamery. The vats, churn, worker, utensils and employes must be absolutely clean.

Teaching the Heifer.

Some people have a serious time in breaking a heifer to milk for the first time, and yet every practical dairyman knows that if the heifers have been handled as they ought to be, they are really broken before they freshen. A heifer that is kept in the stall that is to be her home after she freshens, for at least two months beforehand, gets used to all of her surroundings. If made a little of by the stable man every time she is put in, and has her udder manipulated just a little every day, a little at first, and then more and more, when this heifer freshens she is practically broken to be milked. On the other hand, if she is kept in the pasture away from the cows and barn until she freshens and then put into the barn, she is naturally difficult to break. She resents being milked because she is not used to being handled and is afraid of the man. In this way kickers are developed. By educating the heifer before she freshens it is rare that she will resent the manipulation of her udder and it is even less rare that you have a kicker.

THE GARDEN

Storage of Potatoes.

In a community that produces many potatoes, storage houses become a necessity. In Colorado the underground or dugout storage house has proved the most successful. Potatoes stored in an ordinary storage room lost weight rapidly and soon become shriveled and of poor quality. The underground storage combines all the qualities for keeping potatoes in the best condition.

Possibly the most important requisite is to keep down the temperature of the cellar. These cellars should be built lengthwise with the currents of air, so that in the fall when the potatoes are put in, a draft through the cellar can be established at night to carry off the heat brought in with the potatoes during the day.

The practice is to fill in the bins in layers of not more than one foot each day and let this layer cool down during the night. After the potatoes are all in, the ventilation is regulated so that the temperature is kept as near freezing point as possible without freezing the potatoes. This ventilation is necessary, not only to regulate the temperature, but to keep the air pure and dry. If the air becomes foul and damp, molds will grow and dry rot or Fusarium will develop.

Many potatoes are spoiled in the stores and in the storerooms of dwellings. It is thought because the potatoes are in sacks or barrels that they will keep until sold out and used. Such is not the case, however; a very little light, especially where the air is warm, will make potatoes unfit for food in two weeks.

Garnishing Plants.

Those who like greens will find the cresses spicy and attractive. Water cress is the variety used for salads. It is a hardy, moisture-loving plant and readily establishes itself along streams after a little care has been taken to sow the seed in favorable spots. The plant may be prepared same as lettuce or endive.

The common garden cress is adapted for garnishing and for giving added flavor to other salads. It has a sweet, spicy taste which is very agreeable, and curly, bright green leaves which are beautiful for garnishing meats. Like parsley, it has a habit of going to seed quite early, so in order to have a constant supply one must sow the seed in succession.

Parsley can be quickly grown from seed. We sow the seed thickly and use the surplus small plants when wanted, leaving the remainder to grow large. Parsley is excellent for flavoring soups, for warming with cold potatoes, and for garnishing.

Fine celery leaves also are nice for garnishing, and are easily botained.

Endive is a most desirable plant for fall salads. The seed should not be sown until early August, if you would avoid the bitter taste. The leaves should be tied up to bleach the stems to a creamy whiteness, when they will be as sweet and tender as celery. The bleached leaves are excellent cut in pieces about two inches long, and served with a dressing of cream, sugar and a dash of vinegar.

FOR DUCK RAISERS

The market price for duck feathers is about half that for goose feathers.

In France the term "duckling" is applied to birds hatched the previous season, and not the present year, as in this country.

In England it is claimed that while the Pekin is a great layer, it has not the fineness of flesh nor the early maturity of the Aylesbury.

The Cayuga, the only American variety, furnishes a meat of fine flavor, but on account of its black plumage makes a very unattractive appearance when dressed. The French epicures greatly appreciate the high quality of the Cayuga. This is about the only American product that we are not overly proud of.

The great secret of fattening ducklings is to begin early, and this can only be attained by keeping the stock duck young. In practice it is not profitable to keep the stock ducks more than two years.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

The California oil product in 1912 was 87,000,000 barrels, which was 4,000,000 barrels more than the previous year.

The Onion Smut

During the last five years this disease has spread rapidly, the smut probably being conveyed from field to field upon farm implements and with manure containing smutted onion refuse, as discarded onions are usually deposited upon manure piles. In some sections the losses resulting from the fungus have been so great that growers, in some cases, no longer find the crop profitable.

The severity of the disease in different localities is variable. It appears first in isolated spots here and there in a field, and from these spreads in all directions until the whole piece becomes affected, and the cultivation of

SMUTTED ONION.

onions upon it has to be discontinued. Short rotations do not materially diminish the amount of smut; in a particular field badly smutted the order of planting had been clover for two years, corn for one year. A five-year rotation will not, from the experience of growers, eliminate the disease.

It appears reasonably certain that the disease is not generally spread by the seed. It may, however, occasionally be introduced with seed from an infected locality. It is also certain that the smut is spread with plows, weeders, harrows, rakes and hoes, by spores clinging with infected earth to the implements.

When soil is known to be affected one pound 40 per cent formaldehyde in 25-33 gallons of water should be applied with a drip attachment on a seed drill at the rate of 500 to 700 gallons of solution per acre. This has been used with success by several large growers. In one instance the treated part of a field yielded over 500 bushels per acre, while the untreated plot yielded over 100 bushels per acre, while the untreated plot yielded only about 100 bushels of inferior onions to the acre.

Get A Canadian Home In Western Canada's Free Homestead Areas — 160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE — The Province of Manitoba has several Free Homestead districts that afford rare opportunity to secure 160 Acres of excellent agricultural land FREE. For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising this Province has no superior, and in profitable agriculture shows an unbroken period of over a quarter of a century. Perfect Climate; Good Markets; Railways Convenient; Soil the very best, and social conditions most desirable. Vacant lands adjacent to Free Homesteads may be purchased and also into older Districts lands may be bought at reasonable prices. For Further Particulars, address W. S. NETHERY, Canadian Gov't. Agent, 82 East Rich St., Columbus, Ohio, or write Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

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Dr. E. H. Baldwin writes: "I took the course for my own benefit on the farm, but the success I had started me in practice and now I am going night and day. Your course has been worth thousands to me, and will be to any man."

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ERUPTION ALL OVER CHILD'S BODY

Began With Small Red Spots. Cried Almost Day and Night. Used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Well in One Week.

R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Mo. — "Our daughter who is ten months old was suffering from an eruption all over the body. In the beginning they were small red spots and afterwards turned to bloody sores. We tried all sorts of ointments but they did not procure any relief for our child. She had no rest day or night and we tried everything to procure relief for our baby. She cried almost day and night and we scarcely could touch her, because she was covered with sores from head to foot.

"We had heard about the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and made a trial with them, and after using the remedies, that is to say, the Soap and the Ointment, only a few days passed and our child could sleep well and after one week she was totally well." (Signed) August F. Bartels, Nov. 25, 1912.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Two million trees will be planted on national forests in Utah, Nevada and southern Idaho during 1914.

CHARLEY GATES DIES IN DEPOT

Son of Late Famous Millionaire Plunger Passes Very Suddenly.

Cody, Wyo., Oct. 29.—Charles Gilbert Gates, son of the late John W. Gates, died suddenly in the Burlington depot here yesterday afternoon. Death was due to heart failure. Mr. Gates was many times a millionaire. He was 37.

At the time he was stricken, Mr. Gates, together with a party of easterners who had accompanied him on a hunting trip in the wilds of Wyoming was waiting to take a train for New York.

The hunting trip, which lasted over a month, ended a week ago, since which time the party had been guests at a rustic lodge near here. Yesterday preparations were made for the return east. Trophies and baggage had been taken to the depot, which is about a mile from Cody, and the interval until train time was given over to a discussion of the successful hunt just ended.

"This is the greatest big game country on the globe," declared Mr. Gates. "Henceforth it will be my happy hunting ground. I'll be back a year from now."

Dies in Few Minutes.

He had scarcely uttered the words when he was seized with a convulsion. Two physyicians who were in the party attempted to relieve him but their efforts were fruitless and he died in a few minutes.

The body was brought back to Cody and prepared for shipment east. The companions of the dead millionaire have not yet formulated definite plans, but it is likely that their start for New York will be made today.

Six weeks ago Mr. Gates set out in a special train for New York from his home in Minneapolis, announcing that he planned to sail for Europe on the Imperator. When he arrived in New York he learned that the Mauretania was a faster boat than the Hamburg-American liner so he declared he would sail on the latter boat.

Would Join Prince.

Shortly before the Cunard liner was due to sail, however, Mr. Gates canceled his reservations, organized a hunting party, engaged a special train for the west and declared he was going to join the party of the Prince of Monaco, which at that time was here preparing for a trip into the wilds. The two parties did not get together, however, although during a portion of the time each could hear the guns of the other.

Fifty-five horses were used to carry the camp equipage. Ten guides and camp helpers were employed. Twenty horses were required to bring out the trophies. Ten bull elk, five deer, a grizzly bear and much other game was bagged. No equal killing of equal magnitituda ever was made in this section. The bag secured by the Prince of Monaco's party was small in comparison.

Gates was charmed with the Wyoming mountains and was loathe to return to civilization. He and his companions lingered on at the lodge after the hunt was over, living in a fashion which caused the simple inhabitants of that section to marvel.

Health Not Good.

For several days before the start for home was made Gates' health was not good. But not until he collapsed at the station here did the physicians believe he was in a serious condition.

Mr. Gates had made his home in Minneapolis for about a year and a half. Less than two years ago he was married to Miss Florence Hopwood, daughter of Frank P. Hopwood of Minneapolis. Late in 1912 he began the erection of a handsome residence in Minneapolis to cost $100,000, which is not yet completed.

When Mr. Gates left for the west, Mrs. Gates went to New York where she is stopping with her husband's mother, Mrs. John W. Gates.

Heart Failure Kills Young Multi-Millionaire

CHARLES G. GATES.

GATES BOASTED HE GAVE AWAY A MILLION A YEAR

Charles G. Gates came into great prominence last July when he chartered a special train in Minneapolis to attend a meeting in New York. There he made the startling declaration that he gave away $1,000,000 a year.

"I'm a busy man and I find the regular trains too slow," he said then "Time is money and I lose time. When I travel I want to move. It's not that I want money. I give away a million a year. What is the use of money if you can't circulate it?

"If you make money and save it someone will burn it up after you. I've got a passion for burning up money, but these little conflagrations in which I take an interest are personally conducted tours. so don't get an idea that Charlie Gates is a sucker."

Much Like His Father.

Charles C. Gates, during his relatively brief career in Wall Street, made a name for himself beyond his time of life. Bred up in the atmosphere of the stock exchange and familiar from his earliest years with the nervous sound of the ticker, his impatience to "get into" the big game cut short his college career. The precipitation with which he carried out his decision is characteristic of the man and was repeated later in the consummation of large deals, when the younger Gates was declared to be a "chip off the old block."

It was while he was in his second year at college that he suddenly decided to leave. He accepted a clerkship with the Consolidated Steel & Wire Co., of Chicago.

At 21 he was assistant to President Edenborn of the Consolidated Steel & Wire Co. Having acquired a small fortune of his own by independent deals, he bought a junior partnership in the firm of Baldwin, Gurney & Co., stock and commission brokers, in July, 1897. With them he enjoyed two successful years and after winding up the pool in American Steel & Wire stock he retired from business for a time and devoted three years to travel.

Tries to Corner Corn.

It was in the summer of 1902 that young Gates proposed to make "two million" on corn in six months.

John Gates had called the meeting of the partners. When they were assembled he turned to his son.

"Well, Charlie, come now, what's your scheme?"

"It's simply this," he replied. "I propose to corner the corn market."

The members of the firm who had spent more years in studying stock conditions than he had lived were thunderstruck and skeptical. John W. Gates alone showed no surprise. Then the son began to develop his scheme. Skepticism turned to enthusiastic approval as he proceeded and when the meeting adjourned a telegram was sent to Chicago which read: "Buy three million December corn."

"You yound scouldrel, what won't you be doing next?" his father is said to have asked him. And a moment later:

"You'll bring your old father to bankruptcy yet with your wild schemes."

The price of corn was forced by this corner from 65 cents to 81 on the morning of July 14, 1902, when a tremendous break came, the brokers believing that the Gateses were about to unload and reap their prifit.

Throughout their business connection the Gateses, father and son, were like brothers. The son engineered the deal, the father gave advice at critical times.

WE WILL GIVE

This GOLD PLATED LOCKET and CHAIN—Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with 7 simulitude TURQUOISES and a PEARL—and these 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and send us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. C. B. DALE MFG. CO. Providence, R. I.

The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Arne arose and was winding his big silver watch. "Maybe now you'll get a hustle on and change the News to a daily."

"The bank turned me down on that dinky loan. And when I tried to get it in Earlville, some mysterious power blocked me there. I know well enough; it's all because of the fight I made to get the town to take the pumping contract away from Thad Tanner and have a municipal plant."

Harlan stirred. His father was a director of the bank. He did not like Wiley's insinuation; but then his father did not like Wiley. He murmured some inconsequential badinage and followed Arne out to where the student-farmer was bringing his mud-splashed colts to the News horse-block.

"I wish," muttered Arne, "you'd get Wiley into this. He's got a chance—such a big chance for the nomination. It's going to be our year—the young men's turn, Harlan. And, old boy, we want you with us!"

Harlan smiled lazily. "Old boy, it's great to see any one so earnest I don't imagine it's in me. Father hasn't much use for the insurgent idea. And you know our family; the senator is mother's cousin, and Hall was father's law partner."

Arne grimaced. He knew all that! "Your people expect you to be in politics sometime, Harlan, don't they? Well, you want to look ahead!"

"The tramp of the young men up the hill!" Harlan quoted good-humoredly. "Well, good-by, old chap; it's east for me tomorrow, and west for you!" He held out his firm, strong hand to Arne's rough one. "Next year I'll have out my shingle above the bank corner, and you'll be experimenting with soils among the farmers and we'll see!"

Arne smiled back the friendly challenge. "And Wiley—let's help put him over, however things go. I'll be out among the farmers, and you among your sort of people—High street and all. Janet there"—his eyes went to the trim blue-gowned figure of his sister sitting forward in the editor's chair—"she's set her heart upon it. Harlan, she's waited all her life for Wiley's awakening!" He appealed in all his boyish ardor to his friend. "Wiley, if he'd have a career—if he'd do something, she'd marry him!" Then he added hastily, "Or he'd marry her! He'd realize, then, all she is to him. Wiley's awakenthg—that's what I'm after—and this is his big chance!"

Harlan nodded. All the county, these many years, had put the names of the erratic editor and the efficient school superintendent—and in vain. Janet was one of the notable women of the state's educational work. Curran was still "Curran of the News."

Curran, this same minute, was badgering Miss Vance about her political proclivities. "I thought," he drawled, "that since you ventured to remark in your address to the county institute, that the constitution of the United States was not, after all, a supernally wise instrument, Boss Tanner and all the old bats about town had concluded that you were unfit to be school superintendent! Old Thad, who, during the war, cleaned up his million on shoddy contracts with the government, roaring for the constitution—ain't it a holy show?"

Miss Vance arose and came to him determinedly, her clean-cut face looking down at him with a humorous impatience. "Just the same, Wiley, any one who wants to get on in politics in this county must reckon with Mr. Tanner. I wish you'd know it!"

"It's more fun," responded Mr. Curran, "to insinuate he's a thief."

"But not politics."

"Upon my soul, Janet"—he looked up, curiously—"you women of the day get me. You are so damned successful at this game—tell me how you do it?"

She smiled with some demureness. "If you insinuate I'm a woman politician, very well. I'll tell you some points of my game—it's never to let my waist line lose itself. And investing a deal of my salary in masseurs and hair-dressing instead of political assessments. And getting about casually among the men, and yet never appearing too wise."

"I understand that the school board, which fought you to the last ditch, has removed all the cuspidors from its rooms and shaves twice a week since the Democrats can't find a man to oppose you. Thad Tanner tried to get young Mills, of the Earlville Normal, to run against you, didn't he? But Mills didn't run."

Janet put a firm gloved hand on his arm. "Not since I put on my best clothes and went to an Elks' club ladies' night dance purposely to put the notion out of Mr. Mills' mind! It took half my dance program, though!"

Wiley rubbed his hands delightedly. "Lord, Janet—it's genius!"

"No—businesss. And Wiley—oh, I want you to wake up! Do something! Be with us—the people who try something! Oh, Wiley, I want you to!"

That was ever her fond cry. Ever since their schooldays she had tried something and that was to make a success of Wiley. Even he, with the trifling blindness of a man, might have known what was behind it all. She went on mournfully: "You said something had stirred you at last, Wiley!"

He was looking past her out the square. The door was open and the evening held the first cool stealth of autumn. The breeze upon the gray facades of the rock behind the town showered down the red and yellow window to Harlan and Arne across the leaves. Already, from the elevation of Curran's shop, one could catch glimpses of the distant river through the denuded cottonwoods of the bottom lands. And his eyes were there with their old detachment of a man who dreams of what he had found and lost out beyond the circling hills; of what the years had given and taken away, and he had stood by empty-handed. But he turned to her with sudden new eagerness.

"Janet, I wonder if it's all as you and Arne say? And McBride, over in Earlville, and Prucell, and these men who have such a curious notion that I can beat Hall in the primaries? And Governor Delroy, he spoke of me?"

"Yes. You know his organization doesn't amount to much down here. It needs local leadership. They want a man out for congress. Assemblyman Barrett, of Dallas County, was considered, but they need him where he is. And all the other progressives are like father—too—well, they've had their fling. The movement wants new men and young men."

"But me in congress. It sure would be a treat for congress!"

"Oh, Wiley! Be serious!"

He was still for a long time. Yes, he had been the watcher from afar of the fighting men. He had thought his years of ardor done. He spoke at last very gently.

"Janet, I'm remorsefully humble. You've been my good angel—always, since we were kids in school. Good God, how a man flings his youth away! Eh, I thought that was what I'd done. But Janet, I've awakened—I have!"

Her eyes were sparkling. She tensed with a new splendid jubilance. She had been the militant; she was of that fine modernity that has given to strong women the fearless vision and the will to do, and has taken nothing from their womanhood. She was alert with the expression of sex, inescapable, undaunted, as free as a man's virile pride. And Curran, with his love for the modern, his hatred of sham, had felt at times, the pulsing of her power and had misunderstood nothing. That was the bond of their intimacy; this knowledge unspoken but unafraid.

"Wiley," she murmured. "You will come out? You will go in the primaries? Oh, will you? I've waited so long, Wiley! For you!"

"I know. And this very week I—I—seemed to see myself aright—to realize what a miserable failure I'd been—a dreamer. Oh, something very wonderful awakened me—quickened me. I'll tell you, Janet, the very first thing!"

She looked curiously at him, but with her bright fond faith, her over flowing happiness. The fine hard lines that the years had schooled about her eyes were gone.

"The very first thing! Oh, but the point is that you've done it! We'll work for you—all my friends who've stood by me will be with you. But the first thing—was it today?"

"No. Last Tuesday. A little thing—such a foolish little thing. But it hit me hard—it appealed to the sentimental in me, I suppose. But you know me—all that sense of romance that's made a beggar of me, Janet! It was Aurelie Lindstrom."

She did not stir; her attentive eyes were on him merely, but the cool shrewd reading of her workaday life came over the eagerness of a moment ago. "Aurelie?" she murmured—"and her prize-winning?" She smiled slowly. "Why, Wiley, you hardly knew the child!"

"Yes. But the thing hit me, Janet. She came to me"—he hesitated over mentioning Harlan's name in Aurelie's troubled case—"this thing confused her so. And hurt her—it was—sort of a—a—tragedy, Janet. And she left it all to me—what she should do. Here's this great newspaper going to shout all about her next Sunday—you know the stuff—her beauty, and her position and life and prospects—all that sort of thing. I know its cheapness and its silliness, but it's her chance, Janet! She asked me what to do."

"Yes." She watched his ardent eyes.

"I told her to go on, seize all the best in it. She is a grand little girl, someway. You know I've lived South—I know her temperament—I know all she's had to fight, too, out at Lindstrom's. Know and sympathize with—I don't suppose another person in all the town could know of or care!"

"I don't imagine." Janet knew Wiley Curran. Somehow, if there was a homeless old soldier, or a destitute family in the county, they always came to Wiley's attention—he was ever knowing and caring, helplessly in his penniless struggle with the News.

"But you, Wiley—What can you do for her?"

"I don't know. Only befriend her. All the town's laughing over her winning a beauty prize. No one ever noticed her, except she was considered pretty and eccentric. The big fatheads!" he cried breathlessly. "Does any one suppose they'd see that marvelous purity in her face—her grace, and all that odd quality of her mind and soul—"

"Wiley?" Miss Vance sat back, her lips tightened.

"Oh, I know! Scold me—say I can't afford it! That it's aroused a lot of heartburnings and jealousies and silly rot in town, and I shouldn't be in it! But she came to me—she said I was almost her only friend in Rome. And with all this notoriety—Aurelie, bewildered, dumbstruck—needs protection—a—friend!"

"You consider yoruself a—chaperon?"

"Don't laugh. I tell you she woke me up!"

"What possibly could she have to do with your awakening?"

"We had a long talk. A splendid talk, Janet. I saw the hopelessness of her life if she stayed here. There's nothing for her here. And now, who can tell? Why, I'll bet she gets proposals of marriage by the dozen—artists will want to paint her, managers will want her to go on the stage—everything is possible with her! And she left it to me, Janet—and I told her go—seize all the good in life, anyhow, anyway—live, live!"

"And you?" Janet pursued pitilessly.

"Ah, well! That little girl—suffering so. And only I know how she is suffering! I told you it fired me. She grew so wide-eyed and big with it, and determined to be somebody! And I thought of myself—the years I'd wasted, Janet, and I said to myself: 'God bless you, child! If you can, I can!' I don't know how it was, but I felt my old fire again—my old ambition! That's why I promised you, Janet, to make this fight."

"Yes," Janet answered slowly. "I'll help you, Wiley."

He could not see her face. She was watching her brother bring the rig across the street. But the splendor seemed to have died for her; in its stead was the old shrewd patience of the successful woman, touched now with pathos for some haunting defeat. "Yes, I'll help you, Wiley," she added and arose to go.

Wiley watched them drive away. At the end of the street the gray autumn country began; the lonely land of hill and bottom, but over it the home fires were burning. So they thought something of him out there? Curran of the News—the heart in exile, the man without place and honor? They believed in him, the brown-armed quiet men; they had watched his fight, heard his incessant outcry against every wrong, every privilege of class whether in the obscure countryside, or out in the great world? He could not tell. It had seemed as if he spoke alone, championing valiant but hollow theories against their complacent incredulity. He had envied, at times, the prosperous town tradesmen, professional men, the best people—they had not spent their hearts in crying out for new things—and the county had enriched them.

But now out of his long and hidden despair of himself a great vision came; the farm-home lights were beacon fires lighted for an eternal struggle, awaiting the coming leaders. And his heart cried out that he would be one to answer; he understood at last what Arne meant. He heard the Tramp of the Young Men up the Hill.

CHAPTER IX.

The Beauty Prize.

The following Sunday Rome had its wonder — a specially-written wonder done in three colors on the front page of the Sunday sup. There was a demand for the Chronicle at the Junction depot after the one-ten train and at the postoffice news stand which sold out every paper and the agents telegraphed to Burlington for more. There was none in Earlville; the two towns forgot their bickerings and gazed—many a Sunday dinner was delayed which they gabbled about Aurelle Lindstrom's picture with its three-color border of cupids and hearts and darts and young men in evening clothes tangled in spiders' webs and all the sort of thing that publishers use to embellish whatever they print about girls.

As Mr. Curran of the News often remarked, as he fingered the magazines at the postoffice news stand and opened his Sunday paper, the American people were perfectly crazy about girls if their art and literature went for anything. But Rome, Iowa, wasn't. Young men that sunny November Sunday drove their sweethearts out the quarry road, feet on the dashboards, chewing their gum, gazing at Miss Lindstrom's picture, peering furtively at the Lindstrom house, and then drove back no wiser than before. Not a glimpse of the three-color beauty winner did they get. And on all the buggy rides people's services it was agreed that she was preposterously overrated. Add in all the comments—sarcastic, belittling, cruel—ran the note of inquiry; what would the bootlegger's girl do now?

Aurelle sat in a sort of bewilderment when Knute brought the first Sunday Chronicle home. When John came back from church he saw it on the floor and tore the offending picture from the page. Then he ordered her harshly to go to her room, and the girl obeyed. In the chill of the tiny chamber she sat staring at the little silver crucifix hanging over her mirror. Old Michigan crept in after a while, when the buz of silly neighbor women grew too much for him in the kitchen. He sat on the edge of Aurelle's little white bed and drew her down until her hair was tangled in his shaggy beard.

"Done come up-river," he whispered, "to occupy the land! Reckon so! Don't mind John, my little girl. He's hard with his religion, but he's meanin' well. Law done drove him to his bitterness and exile, and give him hate 'stead of love. But my girl he can't change a hair of your head, or the pink of your pretty cheek!"

And then she cried as Aurelle rarely cried; and crept to the old whisky peddler, and all the afternoon they huddled together to keep warm, while Mrs. Lindstrom's silly chatter to the neighbor women went on, and the boys sat apart in awe as if some tragedy had fallen on them. The gossip of the town went on. The next day young Butts of the Mercury-Journal drove from Earlville to interview her and met a gaunt feverish-eyed man who ordered him away, his shotgun lying handily across the rail fence. The correspondent saw two ragged, to-headed children and of lean-hipped cow or two beyond the forlorn shanty and that was all. Beyond was the corn patch, and the other unpainted cottages of the quarrymen, and then the gray bluff with its never-ceasing roar and dust cloud from Thad Tanner's quarry.

Some curious town people tried to call. Lindstrom gave them the same grim welcome. And all the week the town seethed with curiosity. Prim misses read the newspapers more assiduously than ever before; and the Chronicle felicitated itself and "spread" with more details of Aurelie's life—incidentally setting loose a horde of canvassers all over the state to work up subscriptions, giving away a half-tone of the beauty winner with each.

"What does it mean?" fulminated the Chronicle, "for this little country girl to be announced as the most beautiful woman in the country? In the first place it means admiration, love. That is first in every woman's heart of hearts. Hundreds of thousands of men have gazed on her picture and felt their hearts moved. Thousands have written declaring they adored her. Sincere, honest men, some of them laborers, some millionaires, have offered their hands to the modest young beauty. They send references of their social and financial standing, church and lodge connections and prospects. Lawyers offer her positions as stenographer; manufacturers seek to have her demonstrate their goods; she is asked to sing, to lecture, to go on the stage. Ministers write her advice; actresses ask the secret of her beauty; mothers warn her against the seductions of her fame. Strangers come to the little Iowa farm to gaze on the abode of beauty; the telephone bell is constantly ringing as people call up to congratulate her. She is showered with gifts, honors, invitations, emoluments—so great a thing is it to be declared by the Chronicle to be the most beautiful woman in the land."

As Vawter, the artist, the pimply-faced youth who took that luckless picture in his shabby studio up above the Hub Clothing Store, remarked to Mr. Curran: "Oh, Gawd!"

Vawter was peevish because none mentioned that he took the photograph. "Here's you and me, Wiley, stirred up all this bunk—and just think of 'em sayin' there's a telephone down in Old Mich's shack in the bottoms—and we ain't gettin' a cussed thing out of it! We ain't even gotta line in the papers! Why don't you roast 'em?"

Wiley Curran smiled distantly.

"Bunk!" sniffed Vawter, the artist, and went away. "I don't believe any thousand millionaires want to marry Aurelle Lindstrom. Shucks, they's heaps of girls right in high school prettier'n she is. It's my picture that done it and what do I git? Fitchered, by swanny!"

And when the artist came on store clerks and traveling men discussing her about the square, and the strangers asked of the beauty winner, he growled: "Bunk! Don't ask me!"

Mowry, the undertaker, who always came into the News office to peddle gossip and read the proofs of county board meetings to see if there were not some indigent dead he could bury, was rasping his shiny serged legs before Mr. Curran's stove and summing up the town's comment.

"Everybody's sore. Folks air goin' to stop them She-cawgo papers. Wimmen's Club says it's demoralizin' and the teachers say it busts up school work. Cal Rice, over to the bank, he says of all the disgustin' things is for the Chronicle to git roped in by a French girl this way. And Dickinson, I guess he's sore because his girl didn't git no prize, and everybody is hollerin'; and here I ain't buried anybody for two months!" He looked across at the Widow Steger's hollyhock walk: "Hey, how's the widder?"

"I understand that Dickinson is going to send her to Burlington for treatment," answered Wiley.

"Just so. And she'll die in hospital! And I been a-buyin' my groceries at Dickinson's for seven years—ever since the widder was took! Dog-gone, Wiley—this is a sorehead town!"

To Be Continued.

7,000 WOMEN PARADE

Brooklyn Suffragists March Two and a Half Miles.

New York, Nov. 1.—Suffragists in New York, reinforced by many out-of-town allies, marched two and one-half miles through the streets of Brooklyn this afternoon as a pre-election demonstration of their strength.

Seven thousand women and 1,500 men were assigned places in the line of March. Headed by an exact copy of the famous liberty bell, whose tongue is tied and will not be released till women suffrage has become general throughout the United States, the parade started from Grant Square.

The great bell was loaned by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage party.

Several hundred of the women paraders were on horseback. Mrs. Catt was one of these and was surrounded by a bevy of young women representing the various foreign countries where women have the vote. Another group of girls, clad in white, represented the states which have given women the ballot.

SHOOTING STEERS, KILL A MAN

Another Man Wounded by New York Police

New York, Nov. 3.—In a fusillade of shots fired by the police to check the mad rush of 16 steers which escaped from a railroad stock pen on the West Side early today, one man was killed and one wounded. The dead man, George Beattie, toppled from the seat of an express wagon when a stray bullet pierced his brain. Another bullet bored through the foot of Walter Wagenheim, a waiter.

That no more persons were injured, either by the zipping bullets or by the steers was due to the fact that there were few pedestrians abroad. One steer crashed into an automobile truck, putting it out of commission, another bowled over a policeman, bruising him badly. One fled into Madison avenue and was shot dead in front of the home of Cardinal Farley.

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6405—Girls' Dress.

This model shows one of the popular shirtwaist blouses with skirts for children. A sleeveless underwaist is used in the model and has the pleated skirt attached. The coat portion is plain, with a chemisette in front opening in front and back. It is trimmed with the shoulder seams reaches almost to the bottom of the dress. The dress pattern 6405 is cut in sizes 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 36 inch plaid material and 1¼ yards of 36 inch plain material.

6403—Ladies' Two-Gore Skirt.

This model closes at the left side. It is made with either the high or the regulation waistline, is gathered at the top in the back and has a small bit of drapery at about knee depth on one side only. The skirt pattern, 6403, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36, 44 or 54 inch material.

6416—Ladies' Kimono Night Gown.

This gament can be cut in one piece if the material be wide enough. It has a little fullness in front and back and short sleeves. Muslin, cambric lawn or wash silk and also crepe de chine are used for these gowns.

The night gown pattern 3716 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 36 in. material.

6379—Child's Night Drawers.

In these night drawers there is a seam down the front and across the back at the waistline. The closing is also in the back. Full length sleeves are provided and also feet, which can be cut off at the ankles if preferred. The pattern, 3379, is cut in sizes 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 years. Medium size requires 2 3-4 yards of 27-inch material.

M 10—Boys' Scout Suit.

The real boy scout or the boy who plays at being one, may use this suit as it is correct in every detail. Bloomer trousers are worn above fitted leggings and the coat is in true military style, buttonholed close up to the throat, with a closing in the center of the front, a low collar, plain sleeves and the proper number of pockets.

The pattern M. 10 is cut in sizes 4, 8 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 44 inch material.

6431—Misses' Blouse Waist.

This is an imitation of Balkan style. It is worn on the body has a drop shoulder and sleeves at the bottom of the waist. It may be made of satin or silk and trimmed with braid. The blouse pattern 6431 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36 in. material.

5800—Ladies' Caps.

Cap No. 1 is a dusting cap and can be made of gingham or linen. Cap No. 2 is a breakfast cap and can be made of any soft materials and trimmed with edging.

The pattern 5800 is cut in one size and requires for cap No. 1 or 2 ⅝ yd. of 24-in. material, 1⅝ yards of edging, 2 yards of ribbon.

6426—Child's Dress.

This model will make an excellent school frock. It has a plain blouse closed at one side of the front, where there is an ornamental tab. The sleeves have a similar tab where they end in cuff effect at the elbow. A four gore skirt completes the dress and this has an underturned box at each side seam and in the back. Such simple materials as gingham, percale, linen, challie, cashmere, and cheviot will make pretty dresses in this style.

The dress pattern 6426 is cut in sizes 2 and 6 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 44 in. material.

6421—Ladies' One-Piece Dressing Sacque and Cap.

Very attractive are these articles for wear in the morning. The sacque has the kimono sleeve and a surplice closing. The cap has a stiff border in front and a gathered crown. The pattern, 6421, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

How easy it is to learn things that are not worth knowing.

It requires the combined efforts of two people to make a success of marriage.

In every political campaign there are 10 forlorn hopes to one foregone conclusion.

Many people are so incredulous that they would question the veracity of an epitaph.

According to some of the illustrations in the fashion pages knees are becoming popular.

There are times when it looks as if Huerta loves himself for the enemies he has made.

A woman with a beautiful mind and a gentle heart looks good in almost any kind of clothes.

Since the new tariff went into effect a New York thief robbed four safes, and all he got was $15.

The worst of it is, Uncle Sam will have Mexico for a neighbor always. She cannot move away.

Subject for debate: Resolved, That the modern girl in a hobble skirt could outrun an old-fashioned girl in hoops.

Automobiles are not afflicted with spavin or ringbone, but some of them breathe as if they might have the heaves.

To look at the boundary line between the two countries is not very impressive, but it means a lot to those on the wrong side of it.

After a man has put in a whole day minding his own business he ought to be tired enough to rest and let other people's business alone.

The weather is one subject people can discuss without disagreeing, but if it were a campaign issue they would have to quarrel about it.

To look at the slow movements of a team of oxen one would not suspect them of being any relation to the cow that jumped over the moon.

Our forefathers had their "problems of the future," and the coming generations will have theirs. Nothing ever has been or ever will be just right.

"What shall a girl say when she receives her engagement ring?" asks Trixie Fairfax. Well, for one thing she might say it is just what she was longing for.

A woman said to us the other day that she would like to be a man, but as that could not be she thought the next best thing was to have a man of her own.

"German girls are forming a society whose members are pledged to marry homely men." Girls who can originate an idea like that ought to be well worth marrying.

Persons who grow impatient with the little irritations of life might learn a lesson in fortitude from the Ohio dog who is mothering seven puppies and four orphan pigs.

Mr. Edison must be wrong in his statement that no man knows one-seven-billionth of one per cent about anything. We met one the other day whose attitude was that of a man who knows everything.

We can't believe the statement that ninety-nine out of every hundred marriages in America are unhappy. But if it is true, men and women everywhere are to be admired for their ability to grin and bear it.

THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES.

Mr. Charles Schwab returned from Europe a week or two ago, and, responding to the usual question of the press interviewers, expressed dissatisfaction with the business situation. It looked bad to him.

Judge Gary, of the steel trust, faced with the same question, declared the prospects were very pleasant indeed. He felt certain, from his studies and observations, that we were in for a great business revival, a period of industrial extension and an activity in trade that will eclipse all such eras of prosperity chronicled in American history.

Mr. James J. Hill, the patriarch of the railroad industry, told the bankers in Chicago that the country was water-logged with bonds and that "confidence cannot be restored until the name bond had won back something of its old standard."

Judge Gary seems to be outvoted. But perhaps his digestion was in better order than the digestions of Messrs. Schwab and Hill. What was fair and attractive to him may have looked dreary to the others. Before taking the views of big business men seriously it might be well to have a doctor's report on the state of their health.

THE FORTUNES IN FRUIT.

Dealers in fruit land, the immigration boomers of the railroads and the nurserymen all have stories of great fortunes made by fruit growers. One man has been paid thousands for his crop as it stood in the orchard. Another has paid for his investment with the first year's yield. Still a third has builded a house, or bought a touring car, or sent his family to Europe upon a fraction of his income. This is the way the stories run, the exceptional, as always, being recited as the rule.

Recently we have come upon statistics of the census of 1910 which largely go to explain the get-rich-quick fortunes of some of the more fortunate orchard owners. It appears that though the population of the urban, or consuming, sections increased 34 per cent, the rural, or producing sections, did not take advantage of the rising demand for their fruit products. They cut down apple trees and did not replace them, so that there were fewer apple trees in 1910 than there were in 1900. There were a hundred and twenty thousand more cherry trees in 1900 than in 1910. There were five million more peach trees in 1900 than in 1910. The number of pear trees decreased more than two million and a half. The number of plum trees is fewer by seven million than in 1900. The acreage in grapes increased and so probably did that in oranges and lemons. But the figures show an enormous falling off in the number of trees of such fruit as may be grown in all except the arid and semi-tropical sections of the country.

Defects in the means of marketing and distribution have helped to make the great fortunes of the better located orchard owners. A great increase in the consuming population and a relatively small increase in the producing population has been another factor in this fortune building. But the greatest factor has been that farm people have destroyed fruit trees, or let them die of disease, without replacing them at once with new plantings.

THE IMPETUS OF INDUSTRY

Though the earnings of the steel trust, reported upon the other day, were less than had been estimated, and so were disappointing to the estimaters, the trust has really nothing to complain about. The earnings made in the nine months ending with September 30 were quite enough to pay the usual dividends of the year twice over and leave something besides. It has been a fat season.

The steel trust may be taken to illustrate the tremendous impetus of industry in America. Business in this country has gone through a good deal of rough sledding this year. The Mulhall revelations, though affecting only one phase of the industrial situation, tended to bring all manufacturing under suspicion. The financing system of industry has been attacked in congress. In every state new restrictions have been placed on commerce and the proposals for other restrictions are beyond counting. The tariff has been changed and changes in the credit system, upon which industry is builded, are impending. Yet in spite of all this the corporation most often attacked and, it might seem, most susceptible to legislation and agitation, has earned enough in nine months to pay its stockholders twice as much as the stockholders expect to be paid! Obstacles that would have tied up steamships, filled the railroad yards with idle cars, shut down furnaces and closed mills a few years ago have scarcely been felt this year.

THE NEW HISTORY.

History at its best has provided only a fog-like view of events. At its worst, it provides a false picture, a false idea. We know of the ways of people in the dim past only by what they may have left in writings, which may be altogether biased or altogether fanciful, by costumes whose use may be mistaken, by tools, or weapons, or ornaments, the application or significance of which we understand only by conjecture. This is why historians are always disputing, why scholars are always poking fun at history.

The future will have an altogether better understanding of today than we today have of, say, a century ago. This is because of the moving picture which records not only stirring events, but the background of it—the people, the crowd. It records a thousand incidental things which the historian, because of his limitations, cannot record, and if he write of another age, cannot imagine. A "film" put on in Toledo last week showed a shipwreck on the coast of Portugal. One saw the terrible waves, the rescues from the rocks and by means of the breeches buoy, the daring of the men on shore, the coming of the coast guards, and finally, the innumerable evidences of disaster on the ship itself, taken after the storm had ended and the tide gone out. If that "film" were put away for 100 years, the generation of that time would know what this particular shipwreck was like in every detail. The most gifted historian could not leave a record so accurate or so stirring. A series of moving pictures on the Antarctic region now showing in Toledo makes the journal of the lost explorer, touching and inspiring as it is, a poor echo of realities. It is history as clean cut as the edge of a broken iceberg. It is history that will be living when the name of the expedition which took the pictures will have become meaningless.

The moving picture people provide us with scenes out of the past which differ little from the pictures that artists draw or descriptions that novelists write. How much more wonderful will be those pictures of today which to our grandchildren will represent the quaint and curious past!

MOVING FAST

An electrician employed by the military service of Italy has devised a wireless telephone system so effective that communication has been established between Rome and Tripoli, a distance of six hundred miles. The manager of the wireless telephone monopoly of Germany has also a system and has succeeded in sending the spoken word from Berlin to Vienna. When an amateur was arrested in Albany, N. Y., for violating the laws on wireless it was learned that he had managed to send wireless telephone messages as far away as Charleston, S. C., and down in Tennessee there is an inventor who has a pocket wireless apparatus by means of which he talks with anyone at any time miles away.

The telephone trailed many years behind the telegraph, but the wireless telephone seems a certainty almost before the scientists are through experimenting with wireless telegraphy. The comparison shows you how much faster invention travels than it used to. It ought also to show us the foolishness of hooting the idea that some day there will be such a thing as wireless vision. Before the last hoot is out of us, we may see the announcement that it has been accomplished.

A BELGIAN BET.

A company with a capital of $1,000,000 has been promoted in Brussels in the confidence that it can make handsome profits by keeping the population dry. The scheme is this: You pay a fee of $1 a year and are provided with an aluminum check. If a rain comes up you step into any one of a thousand or so shops the company has established, present your check and are given an umbrella. When the rain is over you turn in the umbrella at the nearest umbrella station.

The idea is worthy of an American invention. It fits in with American liking for novel things and things that further comfort and convenience. But it seems to be weak in the matter of considering human nature, unless human nature is different in Belgium than anywhere else on the globe. Dropping in anywhere for an umbrella is natural enough. But returning it—there's the rub! A million dollars of capital seems almost too small an amount to wager upon that being done.

DUCK HUNTING BY AEROPLANE

A game protector in New York, by arresting a young man for shooting duck from an aeroplane, has let his state in for what might prove a costly round of trials, appeals, high decisions and long opinions. But in our opinion the game protector acted in the state's best interests. It is vastly important that the wild fowl be given a reasonable show for life and it is just as important aviators should learn that pursuing birds on the wing is taking an unreasonable and unfair advantage.

Perhaps it would be well for sportsmen to establish a position on this thing of hunting by flying machine. Legislation is slow. The flying machines are coming in rapidly and they are being made safer, faster and effective under various conditions of wind and weather. If birdmen were made to think from the beginning that shooting duck from the wing, as it were, was mere butchery, this unsportsmanlike form of hunting would be stopped before ever it has had a good start.

The Lower Cost of Better Living

THE funniest book ever written teaches us one of the most serious lessons of modern times.

Read Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and you will wonder why "the olden times" were called "The GOOD Old Times."

For it shows how the people of past ages struggled almost vainly with wretchedness and squalor.

The better standard of living that we enjoy today is mainly due to Advertising, such as you find in every issue of the Toledo Weekly Blade.

There were no bath-tubs in the olden days; no silos, no telephones, no ready-made clothes, no threshing machines, no reliable medical remedies—

Advertising has brought these within reach of our means—because it has created the big sales that make for low prices.

Advertising creates the competition that forces every manufacturer to better his product constantly.

Advertising makes it possible for you to live better at a lower cost.

You can prove this to your lasting satisfaction if you buy the goods advertised in the Weekly Blade—

And, by the way, it is advertising that makes it possible for us to sell you 52 Weekly Blades a year at the lowest price of any national home publication in America. So, if you patronize Weekly Blade advertisers, you help us get more advertising—and we will use the added revenue to make the Weekly Blade a better paper than ever.

MEDICINES, BUT NO CURE

The extra session of congress took time between tariff debates to brace up to the trust problem in quite threatening manner.

Fourteen bills dealing in a general way with monopoly were introdueed. In addition there were introduced bills prohibiting holding companies from engaging in interstate commerce "and from other purposes," making the fixing of prices on foodstuffs a felony and forbidding the interlocking of directors. Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky, suggests that all corporations having a capital in excess of $200,000,000 be suppressed. Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, thinks that patents bringing about more than 40 per cent of the trade in which the patents are used should be forfeited. Another measure calls for from two to ten years imprisonment for the crime of price control. Where "unintentional discrimination exists between sections, communities or localities," all contracts there pertaining shall be declared void. One lonesome lawmaker is content with asking an investigation before congress proceeds to strangle the trusts.

If each member of congress has a cure it is quite certain that no cure will be decided on. But we musn't be unhappy on that account. What these multifarious views indicate is that congress, for the first time is realizing that the question of commerce is most fearfully intricate. Knowing that much, congress may shortly decide to diagnose the question as a preliminary to compounding a remedy. It would be a reversal of policy, but yet promising final disposal of the problem.

THE HABITS OF OUR EXILES

President's Wilson's speech at Mobile was no less a notification to the southern republics that this country entertained no ambition to take them under its wings than notification to Americans in the Latin-American states that agitation for annexation is just so much frittered energy.

Probably no man expatriates himself less easily than does the American. He may live out a lifetime in a foreign land, but he is an American still, proud of the country of his birth, sometimes foolishly boastful, sometimes obnoxiously. Because of this trait, Americans in the southern republics are forever dreaming of a day when Uncle Sam will reach out his hand and calmly pocket his neighbors. Upon this hope they build conviction. Out of hints they develop policies. It is quite possible that a large part of the suspicion which the Central American and West Indian republics have developed toward the United States has had its beginning in the talk of Americans whose loyalty has been stronger than their tact.

Our wandering countrymen are likely to feel hurt by the President's assertion that this country will never again look with covetous eye upon other nations' territory. But these people possess the pioneer spirit and so are incurably optimistic. They will say that Mr. Wilson speaks only for his own administration. And the Latin-Americans, it must be feared, will keep on thinking there is something in it.

THE LIFE OF THE PLUNGER.

Young Charles Gilbert Gates might have stood for the portrait of all that was typical of the plunger. Business for him was merely a form of gambling. Business, without excitement, without great risks and chances for vast winnings, was too dull to be bothered with. In his few years he resolutely devoted himself to burning the candle at both ends. He plunged into sport as he plunged in his trade. His career was all a game of plunging. And in the end, he died as one who has plunged headlong into life and has reached the bottom with a thud.

One hundred million dollars was the amount beggars asked of Mrs. Russell Sage during the past year. And doubtless every person who wrote to her thinks she is stingy, because she wouldn't contribute the mite needed to make life a joy.

Crop Curiosities

Wall Street Journal.

THAT the old Nutmeg State of Connecticut should take the lead in the east in the growing of peaches is a surprise to most people, but it seems to be the fact. There was a time when Jersey led all other states, but for want of a market crops rotted year after year, and the blight and other pests brought the industry near to an end. Back of that, Delaware held the lead for many years until the "yellows" caused the little state to lose its grip on its partial monopoly. Now it is recovering again. Meanwhile, Georgia probably holds the lead, shipping several thousand cars a season. Arkansas has an orchard from which 400 cars have just been shipped out of the Ozark country. Oklahoma has big peach orchards and Texas likewise.

San Antonio is the center of a big onion district, and Brooks county Georgia, has just sold its watermelon crop for $100,000. North Carolina has a gold mine in a cantaloupe district. So has Southern California and the Rocky Ford region of Colorado. The fact is that all over the country farmers are localizing industries on special lines. These have their origin in some successful experiment ranging from that of breeding foxhounds to the production of honey. In the latter industry a Piedmont farmer has just sold 2,000 pounds from 30 odd hives at 20 cents a pound. He has about 90 days' attention in the course of a year.

It has been estimated that British Columbia has an area of about 253,000,000 acres, of which about 1,600,000 acres is composed of lakes in the interior. There are 100,000,000 acres of timber land of no value for farming other than for stock purposes, and while it is estimated that 3,000,000 acres is either under cultivation, or partly so, statistics show that the actual yielding average other than for grazing purposes, is not more than 250,000 acres.

His Night of Rest.

He lay upon his rumpled bed,
His eye was drowey, dim;
He tossed and turned his weary head—
No sleep could come to him.
Because—
A phonograph buzzed out a loud and nasal tenor song;
A motor throbbed and thumped as if to jolt the tune along;
An automatic player punded thrugh a rattling waltz;
A soprano with a top-note tried to pierce the starry vaults;
A trolley flat wheel banked along its intermittent way,
Just stopping when a screeching brake made hideously its play;
A stationary "copper" to a sympathetic friend
Unrolled his sorrows in a basso grumble without end;
A party of joy-riders tanked with super-gasoline
Proclaimed to a reluctant world how fast and far they'd been;
A tugboat whistle, rising to a nerve-destroying howl,
Found its echo in a Thomas cat's crescendo battle-yowl,
And every other kind of noise that could a silence break
Defied the dark to keep that would-be sleeper wide awake.
All hushed as morning broke o'erhead,
A napping hour seemed sure.
Alas! the men of milk and bread
Began their daily tour!
—E. W. Q., in New ork World.

Antiquity of Man

London Correspondence New York Sun.

IS the famous Piltdown skull partly ape and partly man, or is it wholly man? That is the question that is engrossing rival groups of scientists. At South Kensington the fossil parts of the skull have been assembled so as to represent a being that is partly ape and partly man, and named, by Dr. Smith Woodward, keeper of geology in the British museum, "Eoanthropus dawsonii." The teeth, jaws and face are represented as massive and apelike; the brain has been modeled to give a capacity of 1,070 cubic centimeters—an amount which is intermediate between the highest anthropoid and the highest form of man.

At the Royal College of Surgeons the same parts of the skull have been articulated so that there is represented a large and well modeled human head, with a brain capacity of 1,500 cubic centimeters—slightly above the average size of human brains.

The question, then, which the anatomists have to answer is: What was man like half a million of years ago? If Dr. Smith Woodward is right, he was an "eoanthropoid"—half man, half ape; if Prof. Keith is right he was a man with a brain as big as that of modern man.

The decision reached by the anatomical section will have a far-reaching influence on modern archaeological research. It is exactly 25 years since Benjamin Harrison, of Ightham, submitted rudely worked flints, found on the Pilocene deposits of the plateau of the North Downs, to the late Sir Joseph Prestwich; it is only four years since J. Reid Moir discovered flints, apparently worked by the hands of men, under Pliocene strata of Norfolk. It is hard to believe these flints could be of human workmanship, if our ancestors at the beginning of the Pleistocene period had only reached the low stage portrayed by Dr. Smith Woodward; on the other hand, if they had reached the stage represented by Prof. Keith, the discoveries of Harrison, Prestwich Reid Moir and Rutot are understandable.

Among other problems which are certain to come up for discussion are those relating to the order in which the highest of human characters developed. There is a unanimity of opinion, both in England and on the continent, that the simian conformation of the Piltdown chin precludes speech. If the brain is as large as is represented by Prof. Keith, then it will follow that the power of speech came comparatively late in the evolution of man—that the brain had attained its full complement of mass before it became capable of serving as the master organ of speech. If the flints of the Kentish plateau represent the handiwork of Piltdown humanity, then we have the unexpected revelation that man was fashioning elaborate and varied tools before he was capable of free articulate speech.

Gems of American Humor

Selections From the Works of the Country's Foremost Humorists.

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A HEN, by Josh Billings.

A HEN is a darn phool; they was born so bi natur.

When natur undertakes tew make a phool she hits the mark the fust time.

Most all the animile kritters hav instinkt, which is wuth more to them than reason would be, for instinkt don't make enny blunders.

If the animiles had reason they would akt just as ridikilus as we men folks do.

But a hen don't seem to hav even instinkt, and was made expressly for a phool.

I hav seen a hen fly out of a good warm shelter on the 15th ov January, when the snow was 3 foot high, and lite on the top ov a stun wall and coolly set there and freeze tew deth.

Noboddy but a darn phool would do this, unless it was tew save a bet.

I hav saw a human being do similar things, but they did it tew win a bet.

But, notwithstanding all this, a hen continues tew be a darn phool.

I like all kinds of phools; they cum nearer tew filling their destiny than ennyboddy I know ov.

They don't never make enny blunders, but tend rite tew bizziness.

The principal bizziness ov an able boddyed hen iz tew lay eggs, and when she haz laid 36 ov them then she iz ordained tew set still on them until they are born—this iz the way yung hens fust see life.

The hen haz to spread herself pretty well tew cover 36 eggs, but i hav seen her do it and hatch out 36 yung hens.

When a hen fust walks out, with 36 yung hens supporting her, the party looks like a swarm ov bumble bees.

Thare ain't nothing phoolish in all this, but you put 36 white stuns under this same hen and she will set there till she hatches out the stones.

I hav seen them do this, too—i don't wish tew say that I hav seen them hatch out the stones, but I have seen them set on the stones until i left that naberhood, which waz two years ago, and i don't hesitate tew say the hen iz still at work on that same job.

Nobody but a phool would stick tew bizziness az cluss as this.

Hens are older than Methuseler, and gro older till they die,

Now I don't want it understood that enny one hen kan commence life with the usual kapital and live 999 years.

This waz the exact age of Methuseler, if i have been informed correcktly.

I simply want tew be understood that hens (as a specialty) laid, cackled and sot a long time before Methuseler did.

After reading this last statement over again i don't kno az i made myself fluently understood yet.

I don't undertake tew say that Mr. Methmuseleh cackled and sot; what i want tew prove iz the fakt that hens were here and doing bizziness in their line before Methuseler waz.

Now I hav got it.

Thare is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much until after they hav laid their egg.

Sum pholks are alwus a bragging and a cackling what they are going tew do beforehand.

A hen will set on one egg just as honest az she will set on 36 eggs, but a hen with one chicken iz always a painful sight tew me.

I never knu an only chicken do fust rate; the old hen spiles them waiting on them, and then it tires out the old hen more than 36 chickens would.

I think this rule works both ways, among poultry and among other pholks.

Az an artikle ov diet thare iz but phew things that surpass cooked hen, if eaten in the days ov their youth and innosense; but after they git old and kross they kontrakt a habit ov eating tuff.

After thinking the thing over and over and over I am still prepared tew say that a hen is a darn fool ennyhow you kan fix it.

I don't speak ov this as enny disgrace tew the hen; it only shows that natur don't even make a phool without a destiny.

Sunday School

FOR THE MAN WHO IS DOWN

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 9 Is "Abstinence for the Sake of Others." Rom. 14:7.21.

By William T. Ellis.

If that keen-eyed little old Jew, Dr. Paul, formerly of Tarsus, could read our newspapers for a month, and look about at our civilization, he would probably let loose some of his boundless enthusiasm: "I knew it would work! I was sure they would come to it. They called me an impractical dreamer, but I saw it as a law of life; for none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself."

We can imagine Paul commenting in some such fashion as this: "Look at these news dispatches. Cleveland gets rid of flies, by abolishing all the breeding places. Shall not a liveryman store refuse where he pleases; or contractors want their own convenience in gathering garbage? Isn't that their personal affair? Ah, the city sees it now. The welfare of the whole community takes precedence over the liberty of the individual.

"Watch Philadelphia driving out its piggeries from the city limits. Hard on the individual owners? Yes, but they must yield to this supreme law of the highest civilization, the well-being of the entire social body. You can't do as you please and live in the twentieth century, or in the New Testament."

The old Apostle's sore eyes would snap as he cries: "Behold the Christ-law of otherism at work on every hand! Here is a city which is not permitted to empty its refuse into the river, all for the sake of another city a hundred miles further down stream, prefers rain-water for laundry pur- One old-fashioned housewife, who poses, is forced to keep a coating of oil in her rain barrel, even though she personally does not object to a few mosquitoes.

"Your modern business is yielding to the same social law. Shall not a manufacturer run his plant as he pleases? Not any more. Even a factory does not live unto itself. The law steps in and makes the owner install safety devices. It regulates the number of hours his employes may toil, and the minimum wage they may receive. The age of minors who may be hired is fixed by law. Matters of ventilation, sanitation and hygiene are determined by the state. Big business and little are being forced by law to recognize this new teaching of Jesus Christ; that the welfare of all is the concern of each, and that the strong must care for the weak; and that 'None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.'"

An Old Teaching Up-to-Date.

When we conjure up the figure of the Apostle Paul amid these modern scenes, we suddenly realize how socialized and Christianized our day is. In a dozen ways a day, every one of us yields obedience to the principle of safeguarding the other person who cannot look out for himself. That is what the food-inspection law stands for, and the boiler-inspection law, and the "Plimsoll Mark" on the steamships. My arm is sore as I write these words, because vaccination against smallpox has been advised for this neighborhood. I had no fear of smallpox; my personal inclination is against the vaccination; but it would be unsocial to decline to take every possible precaution in behalf of the community's welfare.

What the spirit-level is to the builder, this old teaching of Paul is to our day's social order: "None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself." There you have the twentieth century social passion in a sentence. Our time has set its face against selfish individualism, and all unsocial usages.

Now apply that spirit-level to the liquor business, and see what happens to the vaunted "personal liberty" plea of the trafficker in that which hurts whatever it touches. This lesson is bound to discuss the saloon, for it is the annual temperance lesson, for World's Temperance Sunday. Wherever there is a Sunday school—and that is about everywhere on earth—temperance is the theme for this particular Sunday. Pulpits by the thousands will this day echo to the same refrain. As never before since the dawn of time, this year finds the Christian Church facing, with a new resolution and intelligence, the temperance issue.

Calling the Roll of Business.

The platform for today, as Paul laid it down for the Roman Christians, is this one of social inter-relationship. You can't "do as you please" without pleasing the devil. Life is to be lived with respect to the other man—and God. Whether we live or die, it is unto the Lord. Our goal is not only the common good, but also a common God. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of God." What a tremendous incentive! Old Paul relentlessly pushes further the principle of the chivalrous obligation of the strong to the weak. "For if because of meat" (this allusion is to the questionable practice of Christians eating meat that had been dedicated to idols "thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love. Destroy not with thy meat him for whom Christ died."

We have translated this nowadays all into the familiar terms of social service and efficiency. The vote of our day has gone against whatever hurts the weaker brother. Every man, every practice, every business, must answer to this test.

Let us call the roll of merchants who ask public permission, protection and patronage:

"Mr. Grocer, stand up and answer why you should be allowed to do business, and take the people's wealth?"

"I give men food in return for their money; they cannot get along without me."

"Mr. Clothier, what have you to say?"

"I provide protection and adornment for people's bodies, doing them good and not hurt."

"Mr. Book-Seller, you take in much money; by what right?"

"By the right of service. I furnish food for men's minds; I am an indispensable agent of civilization."

"Mr. Builder, what do you give for the millions you receive?"

"I make the people's homes, sheltering them, and making stable our social life."

"Mr. Saloonkeeper, you ask hundreds of millions of dollars from the public; justify yourself."

Here we find for the first time, resentment and impertinence. "What I do with my business is nobody's concern but my own. I stand for 'personal liberty.' If a man wants to take a drink, because he likes it, or a thousand drinks, whose affair is it? What if he does lose his steady nerve, his self-respect, his health, his ambition, his savings, his position and his family's happiness in my place of business? That is no matter of yours. When I'm through with him, I'll send him and his family, to the almshouse, the insane asylum, the jail or the hospital, and there you may take care of him. I have powerful friends in all political parties who will see that you don't go too far with your meddlesome laws."

A New Social Conscience.

The relentless modern social workers, with their surveys and statistics, are playing greater havoc with the liquor vendor than ever the old-fashioned temperance orators did. For they are proving up to the hilt the change that he is an unsocial force in the community. He contributes nothing really necessary to human welfare, and he lays toll upon society's most priceless possessions. He is the open and confessed ally of all the other evils of our day, from white slavery to debauched legislature and judiciary. Steadily and relentlessly the restrictions upon the liquor business are increasing in all parts of the land, and the number of its open supporters grows fewer and fewer.

At the very time of this lesson, there is meeting in Ohio what will doubtless be the largest and most formidable temperance convention ever assembled. This great Anti-Saloon national gathering, nerved by many and mighty victories, is contemplating new and still bolder attacks upon the liquor business. The cry raised by President Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, "A Saloonless Nation by 1920" is no idle slogan; the most powerful forces in the life of this western world are seriously undertaking to realize it. The victories in behalf of the common welfare along their lines have mightily stimulated the foes of this ubiquitous evil.

Nothing that looks to the well-being of the plain people is too radical for these lines. The whole lump of the social order has become leavened with the Pauline teaching of altruism. Society is resolved to get rid of everything that hurts the life of the people. In every court—of science, of ethics, of politics, of industrial efficiency, of education, of athletics, of religion—liquor has been tried and found a malfactor. The pleasure and enrichment of the few must give way to the well-being of the many. Once the forlorn hope of a few "fanatics," temperance is today the victorious cause of the common people and the Church.

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In the Old Pasture.

Old lilacs dying together, sweetening the purple air,
Wilding in wind and weather of half a hundred years,
A rose whose blooms have sadly forgotten they once were fair,
While a bird-song gushing gladly is the only sound one hears.

The weed grows rank in the hollow—ah, many a bitter leaf!
The seasons follow and follow with idle suns and snows;
And the lonely place is haunted by shades of an ancient grief,
And something of sorrow is chanted on every breeze that blows.

Here on the stone slow sinking in tangles of eager grass
Husband and wife, to my thinking, sat sending their dreams afar.
Or folded close in the gloaming, it may be, lover and lass
Made them an end of roaming, and kissed 'neath the evening star.

Here tremors of love and longing, and the laughter close on tears,
Sweet hopes and strange ones thronging, and the sacrament of birth.
Here children with one another played, guarded by tender fears,
To her baby sang the mother the sweetest songs of earth.

A doorstone long forsaken, a lilac thicket, a flower,
And the dewy dawns that waken in the blue and boundless dome
And the mighty stars dark wheeling with wide indifferent power,
And a tristful wanderer feeling the life and lapse of home.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the November Scribner.

VARIETIES

Germany uses great quantities of artificial silk.

Portugal yearly produces more than 198,000,000 pounds of cork.

In St. Petersburg no outdoor musical performances are permitted.

The tortoise shell of commerce is supplied by the West Indian waters.

The oldest account of a clock places it in Venice in 1344.

An ostrich feather which cost $30 a few years ago is now worth $75.

Deposits in the banks of the United States exceed $6,498,192,000.

Sand is shipped from Seattle to Honolulu for concrete making.

Cigarettes imported into China at Tien-sin increased 82 per cent in 1912.

The poultry ration of New York city amounts to 273,972 pounds a day.

More than 3,000,000 gross of pens are annually made in Philadelphia.

More than 2,000,000 men have been killed in battle in the last 50 years.

The Brasilian state of Sao Paulo grows some 700,000,000 coffee plants.

Great Britain owns 180,000 miles of ocean cables and Germany 10,000 miles.

Sweden is said to be the foremost nation in the knowledge of personal hygiene.

There are 160 dramas and 21 musical dramas based on the life of Joan of Arc.

Several European insurance companies will take risks on standing timber.

Prince Edward Island has 93,728 inhabitants and 478,366 acres in field crops.

Australia is irrigating more than 2,000,000 acres of grazing lands with artesian wells.

Oregon was the first state to declare Labor day a holiday. The law was passed in 1887.

The American demand for pearls is greater than the supply and the prices are soaring.

The United States mail carries nearly more than 300,000,000 letters free of charge.

Oleomargarine imports into Great Britain during the first five months of the year totaled 22,800,000 pounds.

A great deposit of fuller's earth has been discovered on government property along the Panama canal.

Latest reports show that more than 50,000 men are employed as coal miners in the Pacific northwest.

The largest opal in the world, weighing 17 ounces, is worth $30,000, and belongs to the Emperor of Austria.

Venezuela has prohibited the importation and sale of dynamite except to the national government.

Paraguay has valuable forest resources, the most important of which is quebracho, particularly rich in tannin.

The largest motor vessel in the world is the Siam, recently built at Copenhagen, with a displacement of 13,200 tons.

Sugar cane in Argentina this season is expected to yield 200,000 tons of sugar, the largest crop the country has had.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

It has been calculated that nearly 300,000,000 feet, or more than 56,000 miles, of film are used yearly to satisfy the world's demand for moving pictures.

Popularity of whale flesh in Japan is steadily increasing. For several years past this meat has been used as fresh and canned very extensively in that country.

Steam driven motor passenger cars have been adopted for railroads in Bavaria that resemble the gasoline electric cars in use in some parts of the United States.

Recent excavations of an ancient Roman villa near Liege disclosed fragments of coal, leading to the belief that the fuel was mined in Belgium as far back as the beginning of the Christian era.

In the United States the estimated coal in the ground is 3,554,383,400,000 short tons; total exhaustion of coal in the United States to date the close of 1911, 14,181,980,000 short tons; annual production, 1911, 496,221,168 short tons.

The target on the ground to test the accuracy of aeroplane bomb-throwing is 6 feet in diameter. The 15-pound bombs are dropped at an elevation of 656 feet.

Of the 220,902 Germans who emigrated in 1881, 206,189, or 93 per cent went to the United States. Throughout the succeeding three decades a proportion ranged about 90 per cent.

In breeding goldfish, an industry which has flourished in China for a time immemorial, the eggs are removed from the reach of the parent male fish and hatched by the sun in shallow dishes.

Most of the tornadoes of the United States are born at or near Yuma, Ariz, according to a German scientist who has been investigating the peculiar atmospheric conditions of that locality.

It is reported that during the 1913 fishing season 10,000 Japanese will be employed in the fishing industry in the waters of the Russian far east, and that the total value of their catch amounted to $4,000,000.

In an endeavor to increase their production of the Philippines the insular government is colonizing families, but thinly inhabited valleys with natives taken from less fertile, but more densely populated localities.

The re-establishment of direct communication between San Francisco and Bristol through the arrangements for the Maple Leaf line of steamers to call at Avonmouth, has rendered valuable aid to the development of the trade in canned fruits and salmon.

Four new state forests have recently been added to those in Hawaii, making 27 in all, with an aggregate of 683,101 acres. Of this amount 5 per cent belongs to the territory, the rest being private land administered by the territorial forest officers.

The raising of silkworms is to be undertaken on a large scale on Long Island by English capitalists. The United States department of agriculture will go to an unusual length to assist in making the enterprise successful. Attempts to grow silkworms were made 30 years ago, but proved a failure.

The workers of one bee colony can fly cover as much as twice the distance between the earth and the moon in one day. The distance of the moon from the earth is 237,600 miles. Therefore, the gathering of about 2 quarts of honey means, totaling the flight of all the workers of the colony, a flight of some 475,200 miles.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

HALLOWEEN FUN

By Martha Holden.

My Blade boys and girls are fond of riddles, and there have been certain times and seasons when it looked as though the Peace Page was going to have, from its young people, a riddle correspondence exclusively.

At a Halloween party last week there was assembled a merry crowd of boys and girls, who enjoyed an old-fashioned New England supper at a table decorated with jack-o-lanterns, and riddle contest was part of the fun. The person who guessed the most riddles received a prize. A very pretty girl happened to be the lucky guesser, and her reward was a little brown bound book entitled "Sweet Sixteen," containing sixteen recipes for home-made candy.

This Halloween party was not entirely for young people. Some fathers and mothers were there, to help along the good time, and after supper, while the young people were bobbing for apples, and going down the cellar backs backward with a looking glass held in the direction of the left shoulder, one of the fathers and I had a chat by the open fireplace. He happens to be a professor of English literature, and really knows something about riddles and where they came from. He said that the very earliest peoples made riddles. The ship of the desert is called the horse that carries men over the sea, just as the camel is called the ship of the desert. These metaphors were easily contorted into early riddles, and the practice of riddle-making is still very popular among savage races. Its effect upon literature has been considered so important that Max Muller and Andrew Lang have discussed seriously what they call the "riddle theory" of mythology.

The enigma, which literally means the "dark saying," was one of the earliest forms of the riddle. Solomon carried on an enigma contest with Hiram King of Tyre, and even before the days of Solomon, Samson had his wife's folks guessing with the riddle:

"Out of the earth come forth food, and out of the strong man meat."

It was the Egyptian Sphinx, you recall, who gave the famous riddle to the people of Thebes and slew all who could not answer:

"What animal is it which goes in the morning on four feet, in the afternoon on two, and in the evening on three?"

Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, was the author of one of the popular enigmas based on the 12 months of the year.

"A father and 12 children and each child had 30 sons and daughters, the sons being white and the daughters black, and one of these died every day, and yet became immortal." This riddle is also found in early Egyptian manuscripts, and another form of the same is found in the "Book of Many Riddles," which Shakespeare mentions in the Merry Wives of Windsor. This time it is poetry:

"I have a tree of great honor
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower;
Twelve branches this tree hath nake,
Fifty-two nests therein be make,
And every nest hath birds seven.
Ranked be the king of Heaven
And every bird hath a divers name
How may all this together frame?"

Another riddle of this famous old book is the famous: "Two legs sat upon three legs and had one leg in her lap; then in came four legs and bore away one leg; then upstart two legs and threw three legs at four legs and brought back again one leg. The solution is: "That a woman with two legs sat in a seat with three legs and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog (four legs), bore away the leg of mutton; then up started the woman and threw the stool with three legs at the dog with four legs and brought back again the leg of mutton."

Homer, the Greek poet, is said to have worried over the following riddle: "He went to the wood and caught it. He sat him down and sought it. Because he could not find it, Home with him to bring it."

The answer is a thorn.

Another old riddle is the famous one of the bookworm: "I have fed upon literature, yet know not a little. I have lived among books, and I am not a student. I have devoured the Muses, yet have I made no progress."

Just here the professor's son and a comrade came up to the wood fire where we were sitting.

"There are lots of riddles in the world," said the comrade, " but girls are the biggest ones. I crept down the cellar stairs just now after little Hughes, so she'd be sure to come to see me in the looking glass she was holding, and make no mistake about my being her husband, and now she's mad. Why, we were as good as engaged. I thought she'd like it. She says I scared her. Girls are so funny."

Here the girls ran in, laughing and full of talk over the success of their Halloween experiments.

The host purposed an apple roast in the glowing coals, and soon the big fireplace was surrounded.

"Let's ask conundrums while the apples cook," suggested the professor's son.

"You mean while you boys crack the hickory nuts to eat with them, don't you?" asked Bessie, the fair-haired daughter of the house, setting a big bowl of nuts before him.

"Yes, that's what I mean," he answered, "but Comrade'll have to help."

The professor started the conundrum fun with two rhymed ones.

Dean Swift wrote one and its answer is "The Vowels."

"We are little, airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you."

The other was about the letter "H," for letters of the alphabet have ever been the favorite sport of the riddle makers.

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth."

Christmas Plans

By Martha Holden.

It's never too early to think about Christmas. The fact is the people who keep Christmas in their hearts the year round are the happy people.

A good many such people belong to this page, and so it is not strange that helpful letters are already piling up on my desk about ways to enjoy Christmas by making it happy for somebody else.

A Santa Claus exchange is going to be about the only way the Peace Page will have of satisfying the craving of its blessed readers to do good.

Now, I want to talk this over with you, and want your suggestions for the best plan. This one has occurred to me. We will just have to experiment until we hit on the thing which will mean the greatest good to the greatest number.

Children, of course. Yes, I'm afraid, this first attempt at a Santa Claus exchange will have to be confined to the children. Christmas is their big day, and let's help them to participate this year in a national celebration.

Well, I get to talking, and forget to say anything. Here's my plan: If your children have any toys or books which you have loved and have outgrown, send your address here. If your children need any of these books or toys, send your address here.

We shall publish each week two lists of addresses: Those who will send, and those who will receive.

Write briefly, on a post card and adress to Martha Holden, Santa Claus Exchange. This will help to keep the lists separate from the regular letters.

Begin sending at once, so that there won't be such a Christmas rush that some will be forgotten.

A SCHOOL FAIR

By John F. Daniels, in Forward.

Leesburg, Virginia, had the biggest crowd in its history on a certain autumn day in 1912. The trolleys were crowded to the limit, and big school wagons, such as the children are gathered in for the country schools, were as crammed as the trolleys. Large farm wagons bedded with straw as for a hay ride, drove into town, overflowing with people. As for the buggies, with three on a seat, and the automobiles, and the wagons, and the carts, and the people who came on horseback, their name was legion. No circus that ever came to Leesburg had drawn anything like this eager crowd.

What was the attraction? One would hardly have looked for the answer that came — that it was the county school fair. All the schools in Loudoun county were represented in the fair exhibits, as well as in the parents, children and friends who swarmed on the streets, and in the halls—far too small—set apart for the occasion. The exhibits were competitive, and open to all the county schools, so the "Worlds Work" says in telling about this novel fair. There was a printed catalogue giving a definite score card for every exhibit in the schedule, and a list of the prizes to be awarded.

No wonder the halls were not big enough to hold the young competitors and their sisters and cousins and aunts, not to mention their mothers, fathers, brothers, friends and acquaintances. To keep the people who could not get into the halls in good humor, a band played all morning long at the county courthouse, while one of the school orchestras gave a very creditable concert at the opera house. During the morning, too, there was a contest in spelling and arithmetic at the Leesberg high school—but only those who came early had any chance at that!

What those Loudoun county boys and girls had not done is not worth mentioning. The exhibits ranged in the way from seed corn to maps. In the boys' corn club prize list alone 22 prizes were offered. There was a prize for the largest yield per acre at the least cost, and for the best ten ears, and for the best letter and report about corn-raising. There was a prize, in manual training, for the best ax-handle, the best bookcase, the best set of garden tools, the best bird house, the best wooden sled. The girls were not left out in the prize lists, either, for there was a prize for the best loaf of bread, the best pound of butter, the best apple jelly, the best buttonholes, the best doll's dress, the best embroidery for belt and collar, the best patch on striped goods, the best arrangement of cut flowers, the best wild flowers and numerous other things. Compositions and drawings were also exhibited.

When early afternoon came, the town was ready for the school parade—and a great and unique parade it was. Every school had its flags, its colors, its school yell and its school song, and it was not its fault if everyone along the route did not know them. The procession formed on the green outside the courthouse, and went along the main street, between thronged sidewalks, to the opera house. There the governor of Virginia himself was waiting for the young marchers, and he and the state superintendent of education made speeches on better schools, better farming and better roads.

The climax, however, came at the end of the afternoon when, from the courthouse steps, the prizes were awarded, after a talk on the educational work of Thomas Jefferson and Robert E. Lee, those great and much-loved Virginians. As the prizes were announced and handed to the winners, each school yelled for its winner, with a chorus of friends joining in. Town and county were one in their pride in the children; and it was, perhaps, the happiest day the county, young and old, had ever spent.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Do all the good you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

AUTUMN FANTASY

My father has read The Blade for years—it is his favorite paper—and as he often says, "It's the best there is." I live near the little village of Creston, on the bank of the Little Kanawha. Many, many years ago Indian Warriors hunted and fished on the banks of our beautiful little stream. Every day brings some wonderful thought to me, of the ages past and gone. In fancy I imagine myself in the great solitude of the mighty forest. The time is autumn and the trees are dressed in their colors of crimson and gold; following the footpath I climb the hill, stopping now and then to rest and admire the beautiful scenery of the wood and sky. There, just a little way off, is a ground squirrel, carrying in its mouth a load of nuts. Soon it is lost to sight by the red, green, yellow and brown leaves. Going on up the hill, in an acorn tree are several gray squirrels, frisking to and fro gathering nuts for their winter food. High in the tree sits a crow, watching this scene, with an interesting glance, as he slyly peeps down at them from the branches above.

Not far above in a bunch of underbrush sit two rabbits basking in the sun. A sound of a dry stick being broken sends them scurrying to a safer retreat.

At last I reach the top and climbing the highest tree I watch the great golden orb, sink slowly down below the western hills. The clouds in all shapes and sizes are streaked with gold and red. One cloud looking like a great chariot nears the horizon and disappears. Still others come and fade slowly away; some like white ships, till my mind pictures the sky a mighty stream of water, till me thinks the clouds are painted ships on a painted ocean.

The forest grows darker, and suddenly all still. Still only for a few minutes, for soon the voices of the forest are heard mingling with the soft murmur of the wind in the tree tops, as the branches swing gently to its sweet singing. I slide noiselessly down from my perch, and start on the perilous descent to the valley below. Quickly and silently I descend step by step, when suddenly a dry twig is snapped and broken. The dry leaves rustle close by and a large furry creature slinks by me in the darkness. On I go pausing and listening at every step until I come to the rippling river.

The moon peeps over the trees and sheds its mellow rays on the transparent water. Pausing in the shadows of a tall sycamore I watch the animals come to drink. Here the deer drinks and bears and wolves gently lap the sparkling fluid. Panthers and wildcats with their soft velvety feet warily stop to drink or to watch for some unsuspecting prey.

A little while yet do I wait, then with one last glance at the solemn yet beautifully forest I regretfully bid the past ages good-bye, and awake to find myself in the present and children calling me "the teacher."—School Marm.

ADVANTAGES OF ST. CLOUD

I am a reader of this grand old paper. I say old, because my father was a subscriber many years ago, when I was a little girl, and I am now 69 years of age. So you see how long I have known The Blade. How often I have wondered why someone did not write about grand old Florida and its good qualities. I have spent two winters in St. Cloud, Fla., and will tell you where it is located.

It is situated on a level piece of land in Oceola county, between a number of the most beautiful lakes in Florida. It is on the highest ground in this section of the state, and waters flow in both directions—to the Atlantic on one side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. It is the center of the orange belt of Florida and on the great highway of travel from the north to the West Indies and countries around the Gulf of Mexico. It is six miles from and connected by a railroad with the great Atlantic Coast systems or railroads which reach every part of the United States. St. Cloud is 170 miles south of Jacksonville, Fla., and is 70 miles northeast of Tampa, one of the greatest gulf ports; it is only 30 miles distant to the Florida East Coast railroad, running from Jacksonville to Key West. St. Cloud is about 35 miles from the Atlantic coast and 96 miles from the gulf coast, so that it has its climate constantly modified and tempered from the breezes from both directions and its elevation, 94 feet above sea level, gives these influences full play. The colony of St. Cloud was established in response to thousands of urgent requests from the veterans of the Civil war, who desired to get away from the long winters and biting cold of the north to some more equable climate where they could find relief from the disabilities and diseases developed by their arduous service. St. Cloud has been settled by the highest class of men and women.—M. A. M. S.

AN ENERGETIC GIRL

I am a girl of 18 years and live in a small town. I love to read the letters from the boys and girls of the Peace Page. They show the different ideas that people have and which may help us. I am like you, C. F., of W. Va. My hobby is music, although I've not taken five terms I gave lessons nearly all summer and like the work. If each and everyone of us would try to master the things we undertake to do instead of them mastering us we would all succeed better in life. L. B., from Indiana.

YANKEE HOSPITALITY

I was much pleased with the many answers to my first attempt to join the Peace Page and have found some delightful correspondents among those answering. Some I replied to with views from our beautiful city of the mountains, (Asheville). Others I wrote long letters to and with a few still exchange letters.

After our school was out this past June, as usual, we had a dandy trip, my father, mother, brother and self went to Cincinnati, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York city, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, returning home by way of Washington. We enjoyed 48 hours on Canadian soil and talk of southern hospitality, I've never seen anything to equal "Yankee courtesy." They are certainly lovely to strangers in their land. We greatly enjoyed Coney Island and the bathing at Atlantic City. We had taken swimming lessons on North Carolina coast, so found 'twas quite an assistance to us knowing how to take care of ourselves there, where 10,000 people were in the water at one time.

My brother and myself are both in high school. I'm taking music, elocution, also Latin, algebra and domestic science, with many other studies. Both myself and brother, Hugh Clarke, will be pleased to hear from the boys and girls. Brother especially desires to hear from western boys and girls, Yankees suit me all right. My brother is past 15 years. Guess how old I am.—E. B. C., N. C.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

NOAH'S WIFE

A good old gentleman, with failing eyesight, but unimpaired faith was in the habit of reading the Bible to his boys every night before retiring. One evening, after reading a chapter, he said: "Now, boys, tomorrow evening I shall read about Noah taking unto himself a wife." The boys thought they would play a joke on him, and they pasted two leaves of the Bible together. The next evening the old gentleman opened the Bible at the proper place, and read, "and Noah took unto himself a wife;" then he turned over the page and read, "she was 40 cubits long and 20 cubits wide, tarred inside and out." The old gentleman stopped reading, scratched his head, turned back to the first page and read, "and Noah took unto himself a wife," turned over the page again and read, "she was 40 cubits long and 20 cubits wide, tarred inside and out." He closed the book, looked at the boys and said: "I have read this blessed book nigh unto 40 years, and never read that before; but it simply illustrates how wonderfully and fearfully we are made."

Our Correspondents

The writer would be glad to have information or a copy concerning an old poem entitled Twilight Musings. I met the poem in my early school days, about 1852, in Heman's Young Ladies' Reader. I have never seen the poem since, nor been able to learn name of author. These lines occur:

"The twilight hours like birds fly by,
As lightly and as free
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.
For every wave with dimpled cheek,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

Mrs. D. M., Cal.

Will some reader please send The Tramp's Story to H. E. Milligan, Middle Point, O.

Is there anyone who has a poem with this beginning:

"Out upon the prairie
Broad and free and wide,
Out upon the prairie
That's the home for me.

I had it in a book in Davenport that was in our home that was burned and I would be pleased to see the rest of it. I do enjoy the Peace Page as well as the entire paper.

Also I would like to find a poem beginning with

Hail ye sighing sons of sorrow
Learn with me your certain doom.

Who wrote it and under what circumstances. Thanking you or whoever contributes it. S. C. S. Cal.

Kindly send "The Female of the Species" and the "Call of the Yukon" to Fred E. Brooks, French Creek, W. Va.

Mrs. Annie Miles, Barnet, Vermont, will exchange scenic cards for those of the West and South.

I am writing to thank the Blade readers for letters and cards they sent Mrs. Carline Mace. She has answered some, but not all, so I take this opportunity to do so. She enjoyed them all. She is poorly, however. Mr. Mace wheeled her in her wheel chair to the doctor today.

I have received two copies of "The Model Church" so that no others may go to the trouble of sending me copies. I sent one copy to my sister-in-law who had expressed a desire for it. I certainly appreciate the kindness of the ones who sent the copies, Bessie May, Lake and Russie Scott, both of West Va. Mrs. H. W., Ohio.

Will some one please tell me where I can obtain the book entitled Eugene Field's Love Songs of Childhood? M. A. O., Minn.

Mr. Gideon Poe, of Clifton, N. C., recently celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary. There was a devotional service with addresses by several ministers, followed by a reception and dinner. Mr. Poe has eight children, twenty-four grandchildren, sixty-five great grandchildren and thirteen great, great grandchildren. He is in the best of health and a pride to all his family.

In answer to Mrs. E. K. G., Cal., I wish to say that I have six little children who wake up with empty stockings Christmas morning. Will be glad to get any toys that they can. Mrs. I. T. Drommon, Barbours Creek, Va.

I am publishing this first request at once, and hope that others will come in so that the Peace Page may have a real Santa Claus exchange for the children. M. H.

I am asking for Indian names, such as Kaluloo or any Indian names that have a meaning, symbol and legend. Want them for the Camp Fire Girls' Club. Margaret B. Entz, Camp Fire Girl, Tavares, Lake county, Florida.

Grandma Winslow or Mrs. Maria Winslow who broke her arm some time ago, wishes to thank the readers of the Blade for the beautiful cards she received.

Mrs. Winslow was born at Arlington, Vt., ninety-two years ago. Notwithstanding her great age she has a deep appreciation of her present life and keeps house for her son who has never married. She has three other children, one son and two daughters who live near by.

During her accident she has been cheerful and smiling and has now improved enough to return to her home again, after staying with one of her daughters during the first few weeks of her accident. The 135 cards came as a surprise and she has enjoyed them very much.

POETS' CORNER

ST. PETER AT THE GATE

By Joseph Bert Smiley.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,
With a solemn mein and an air sedate.
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick and stout,
His stomach ws built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choirs in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke:

"O thou who guardest the gate!" said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt.
There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.
I've been to meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way.
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall.
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I've talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong,
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revivals or join in a hymn.
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord.
And if cucumbers was all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But, O St. Peter! I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go!
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below.
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter, who's so dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relations can amble through,
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there
And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.
They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

* * * * * * *

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But in spite of his office he had to laugh.
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gateway — you or I?"
And then he arose in stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell:
"Escort this lady around to hell!"

* * * * * * *

The man stood still as a piece of stone,
Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone.
A life-long, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim—
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went,
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"

"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh).
And then he thoughtfully added: "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,
He raised his hand and scratched his crown.
Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there
No wonder the man has lost his hair!
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he would!

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Ho! Ameel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the hell he needs;
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

* * * * * * *

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings.
And he said as he entered the Realm of Day:
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"

And so the Scriptures have come to pass,
The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

EVERYBODY IS

Author Unknown.

Way down deep within their hearts
Everybody's lonesome,
For within their secret parts
Everybody's lonesome,
Makes no difference how they smile,
How they live or what their style;
Once in every little while
Everybody's lonesome,

People first in big affairs—
Even they are lonesome,
Maybe like to put on airs;
Just the same, they're lonesome.
Men for whom existence blends
Every good, who gain all ends,
Still reach out their hands for friends;
Everybody's lonesome,

Women, silk-clad, jeweled fine,
Yes, they too, are lonesome
When their gems the brightest shine,
They are just as lonesome.
Some must serve and some command;
All still seek, with groping hand,
Love and friends who understand,
Everybody's lonesome.

Though your gift of friendship's small,
Everybody's lonesome,
It may answer someone's call,
Someone who is lonesome.
Give your hands and join the chain;
And your gift will be your gain,
Sometime when you're lonesome.

PICKIN' ON KIDS

W. W. Whitelock
In Woman's Home Companion.

I've got no use for fellers w'at
Go bullyin' little boys,
A-settin' on their stummicks an'
A-smashin' of their toys.
I used to do it onced myself
When I was only six,
But now I'm big an' seven years
I've stopped those sort of tricks.

Besides, I saw a feller onct
W'at caught a little chap
An' pulled his hair an' pinched 'im, too,
An' thought he had a snap.
But suddinly a great big boy
He come up on a run,
An' walloped him to beat the band
An' made him howl like fun.

You see, you never know w'at boys
Has got a brother or
A cousin stayin' over night
You never saw before.
An' so I think it's mean to pick
On kids w'at's weak an' small
An' can't defend themselves like men,
But just run home an' squall.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR

By Lilly Spencer Redding in Delineator.

'Tis fallen now, I know,
But once it was so fair!
That little shining, happy thing—
My castle in the air.

That even now I love,
Though it lies shattered there,
To hold the fragments one by one
With fond but sad despair;

As if some magic spell,
To charm away my tear,
Still wandered through thy vacant halls—
My castle in the air.

AS JOHNNY VIEWS IT

Baltimore American.

Ma's a vegetarian,
Pa's a faith-cur-ist,
Uncle John, he says he's an
Anti-imperyulist,
Sister Sue's a Wagner crank,
Brother Bill plays golf
Gran'pa tells what he takes
Fer to cure his cough,
Cousin Jen writes poetry—
Tells us what she's wrote—
Aunt Laura always claims
Wimmen ought to vote.
I go out in the back yard
Soon as they commence.
Me'n my dog's th' only ones
What's got any sense.

TO A LITTLE MAID

Charles Kingsley.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE

I am getting old and feeble now,
I cannot work no more;
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
Old massa and old missus, they
Are sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.
Things are changed all about the place,
The darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane;
And the only friend that's left me
Is that little boy of mine,
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me,
Not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather round my door,
They used to sing and dance at night,
And play the old banjo,
But alas! they cannot do it any more.
The hinges all are rusty now,
The door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain;
Oh, the only friend that's left me
Is that little boy of mine,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

"Oh, daddy! don't you be so sad
And melancholy, now;
For you there's many happy days in store.
Although you're old and feeble,
Your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you forevermore.
I'll try and do the best I can,
And make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain;
And the angels they will bless us
In our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane."

"O child! I am contented, but
The day will quickly come
When I'll leave this earth forever more;
The angels they will take me from
My humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright, celestial shore.
But don't despair, let come what may,
You will be happy yet.
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain;
For the angels sure will bless us
In our happy little home,
In the little old log cabin in the lane."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good Cheer.

AN INSPIRING TEACHER

I am a teacher in the "Golden Buggy" state and am very much in love with my work. My greatest difficulty is finding time for study to keep abreast of the times in school work, as I am mother of three and aunt to three more who live with me and attend my school.

My experience with parents has been varied, but I find the parents generally interested and willing to help, and with but few exceptions have had their full support. Don't you find, though, teachers, that sometimes whole communities differ in this respect, some being in general more critical than others? Possibly "A Pennsylvania Teacher" has found one of these communities, as I did once upon a time.

If V. M., of West Virginia, will write maybe I can help her in some of the many little difficulties" and she might help me out as well. I have many little original "self-helps" though cannot think of a single "for instance" at present.

There is one thing that worries me more than all others in school work, and that is my inability to have the children use proper language. Children will say "I seen" and "I done" and "ain't," although they try so hard to correct this failing, and when I visit the parents I find out why—because they use the words themselves. Yet in a few years they will wonder why they are set aside as "out of date" by their sons and daughters when they refuse to relearn the little lessons like these and so keep up with the children. How I do wish some of you could invent a plan to help wake up the parents and make them alive to the situation. I would like to hear from teachers from different states, from "A Pennsylvania Teacher," "V. M." and others. Will try to answer each one, though my time is limited. Why not a card exchange for teachers?

I am so very much interested in many of the others, but am afraid there would be little room for others in the "Cozy Corner," and just say—to discouraged ones, cheer up! Faith and patience always win out; fill your heart with them and love; let Hope be your only guide; keep Discretion, Mercy, Perseverance and Duty with you always; never forget that reward is waiting always at the end of the road.—"Escholtiza."

A fine suggestion for home training is brought out in this helpful letter. It is true that parents are really the teachers of grammar, after all, for usage is what counts. Just a little care and study on the part of the parents would save children much humiliation later.—M. H.

VALUE OF GOOD READING

One of the principal things which we have to contend with now days is bad books and bad literature. There is a great number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals; bad books, bad morals. In the year 1873 there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing salacious literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although twenty-four tons of bad literature have been destroyed by the Society for the suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God. Why are fifty per cent of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States today under twenty-one years of age? Walk along the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and see for yourself. Bad books, bad newspapers bewitching them as soon as they were out of the cradle. A book will decide a man's testing for good or for evil.

Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good" in childhood gave him holy inspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law, the millionaire, declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperity. This is the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander the warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Caesar and Charles XII. both men of blood.

A book! Examine the type of it, examine the printing of it, and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks, and Hesiod's poems were written on tablets of lead, and the Sinaitic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing press.

Even good books have a struggle to live. Polybius wrote forty different works, only five of them are left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books, only thirty-five of them remain. Eschylus wrote one hundred dramas, only seven remain. Euripides wrote one hundred and eleven, only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans; all that wealth of biography has perished.—Charles Myers, Pennsylvania.

ADDRESSES WANTED

Florida Old Man.

PATIENCE

Henry Austin.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul!
The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet;
And when, at last, it stands a tree complete,
Beneath its tender shade the burning heat
And burden of the day shall lose control—
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul!

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

From Illinois.

I live in Illinois, known as the Sucker State, and it is a very nice place. I went on a visit to my aunt in the central part of Wisconsin this fall. I think it a fine country and like it better than Illinois. There are many lakes and deer there. I live four miles west of Vandalia on a 160-acre farm, with my father, sister and brother. My mother died when I was four years old, in Texas. You who have a mother living be kind and good to her, for I know there isn't anyone like your mother.

I would like to get cards and letters from boys and girls of my own age, which is 20. I will answer all of them.—Grace A. Merry, Vandalia, Ill., R. R. 4.

West Point.

Will tell other readers about my former home, which was in West Point, N. Y. West Point is a great, historic place. It has a large military school, where there are over 500 cadets—young men studying to become great generals some day. This place is situated on the west bank of the Hudson river up on a high hill. It is noted for its beauty and famous places. There is a great rock here where the chain was anchored which was put across the Hudson to prevent the British from going up the river and farther. Gen. Putnam's fort is located there, and about ten miles from there is Mollie Pitcher's grave. My grandmother has taken The Blade for over eight years and thinks it the greatest paper printed. I would like to exchange postcards with other boys and girls.—Albert Turner, Shelton, Conn.

From West Virginia.

I love to read all your letters. I live with my grandparents near Pine Grove, in the dear old state of West Virginia. When I wrote before I signed my letter, M. H., from W. Va. Since I have seen three requests for my name and address in full, so will sign it this time. I send Kathleen Harmon a postcard, Lonsesome Bess, Mich., I will look for a letter from you direct.

I will answer all letters and cards sent by The Blade boys and girls, between the ages of 15 and 20 years. —Myrle Hickman, Blandville, W. Va.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Euphemia Burrows, Wire Bridge, Braxton county, W. Va., will be 20 years old in December and would be glad to hear from some one her age. She says: "My father has taken The Blade for a long time and we would not be without it. I always turn to the Peace Page and read the letters from the boys and girls first and then I read the poems."

Golda Lillian Teagarden and Mamie T. Blanchard of Hiltons, W. Va., were 13 years old the twenty-second of October.

Cerilla Swartz, Wooster, O., has good hobbies—books and music. She would enjoy cards.

Marven Elizabeth Sykes, Mebane, N. C., has two good hobbies, washing dishes and keeping the house clean. No matter how much book learning she acquires as time goes on, nor how well she plays the piano, these domestic hobbies will be the ones which will bring her and her family the greatest happiness.—M. H.

Lovena Catherine Claire, Laporte, Ind., a dear three-year-old baby with curls, sends her picture. She is "Grandpa's Sweetheart," and is one of the many lovely children whose pictures we should love to print.—M. H.

Gladys Ruble, Parkersburg, W. Va., has a birthday Nov. 5. She likes western letters and is a lover of flowers.

Chloe Anderson, Duke, O., agrees with her grandmother that hobble skirts are horrid.

Gladys Wayman, Thompson, Pa., has planned a post-card shower for twin friends aged 9, and named Beatrice and Bernice Cottrell, Uniondale, Pa.

Dannie Drum, Catauba, N. C., asks a shower of cards for an invalid grandmother, who has been bedridden for 35 years. The address is Mrs. Sarah P. Edwards. Sherrils Ford, N. C.

Winifred Ward, East Poultney, Vt., sends a riddle: "A man rode in a carriage, but yet he walked."

Belva Sipe, Harding, W. Va., has had a shoulder and collarbone injury and can do nothing but read. Would like books, letters or cards.

POEMS WANTED

When the Day of Reckoning Comes.
Not Understood.
When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.
Darling, I am Growing Old.
Bell Banden.
Love Stronger than Locks.
Margery Gray.
We Met and Parted.
The Prairie Flower.
Toothless Religion.
Shining for Jesus.
The Gospel Train.
In Chicago Slums.
The Devil is no Relation.
The Alphabet Song.
Husking Bee.
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WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

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Here is her own statement.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Maine.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Kindly give a biography of Andrew Carnegie.—J. S., Harriman, Tenn.

Andrew Carnegie, American iron-master, manufacturer and philanthropist, was born in Dumfermline, Scotland November 5, 1837. He began life without much money. He is a multimillionaire now. He built up his immense fortune through steady labor. His father owned a small hand loom business, but was forced to quit when steam began to be used. The Carnegies then emigrated to the United States and settled in Allegheny City, where young Carnegie found work as a bobbin boy in one of the factories with the salary of 20 cents per day. He became a telegraph messenger and soon worked himself up to the superintendency of the western division of the Pennsylvania railroad. He shrewdly invested some borrowed money that paid good dividends. During the war Carnegie controlled the eastern military roads and telegraph lines as Colonel Scott, the vice president of the road, was appointed assistant secretary of war. In 1862 he organized the Keystone Bridge Works, which built the first iron bridge across the Ohio. In order to increase the profits he had the Union Iron Mills erected so that they could furnish this iron. Plant after plant was added until they became one of the chief industrial factors in the entire business world in this, its greatest age. In 1888 he obtained controlling interest of his foremost rival, the Homestead Steel Works, and in seven other immense establishments centered around Pittsburg. In 1899 he consolidated these into one giant structure, the Carnegie Steel Co., and in 1901 Carnegie retired from business life, transferring his company at a valuation of $500,000,000 to be merged into one still vaster, the United States Steel corporation, formed by J. Pierpont Morgan. Carnegie's United States residence is in New York; his summer establishment at Skibo castle, in the extreme north of Scotland. Mr. Carnegie has given a large part of his fortune to found libraries and schools. He is also known as an author, having written several books.

CREOSOTE

Kindly give some information about creosote.—J. K., South Royalton, Vt.

Creosote is a product of the destructive distillation of wood or coal, especially the former. Wood-tar creosote when freshly prepared is an oily, transparent liquid, containing many different chemical substances chiefly belonging to the aromatic series. It has a strong smoky smell, burns with a sooty flame, and refracts light powerfully. It has been greatly used as an antiseptic, and also for preservation of meat, from which circumstance it derives its name.

Coal-tar creosote is obtained in the distillation of coal tar. Coal tar creosote is used for the preservation of timber. Creosote is also used for fuel, for softening pitch, and as an antiseptic application in the treatment of certain diseases of cattle and sheep. It is but slightly soluble in water, though it mixes readily with alcohol, ether and many other organic fluids.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

I would like to know something of the Northwest Passage, and who discovered it.—J. B. C., New Mexico.

For nearly four centuries navigators have made attempts to discover a northwest passage, and it has been to these hardy adventurers almost what the philosophers' stone was to those who explored the coasts of Central and South America. In this year 1500, the first recorded voyage of discovery was made by Corte Real, a Portuguese. Some 85 years later, such was the interest in the subject, there was formed in London a company called the "Fellowship for the Discovery of the Northwest Passage." It is related that the British parliament offered from 1743 to 1818, £20,000 for the discovery of the great northwest waterway. In the year last named the reward was that £5,000 was to be paid when either 110 degrees, 120 degrees, or 130 degrees west longitude should be passed. One of these payments was made to Sir E. Parry. Franklin, Parry, Ross, Back and Richardson were knighted for their labors in the polar regions. The northwest passage is said to have been discovered by Sir John Franklin and his companions, who sailed down Peel and Victoria Strait, since named Franklin strait. On the monument in Waterloo Place the following is inscribed: "To Franklin and his brave companions, who sacrificed their lives in completing the discovery of the Northwest Passage, A. D. 1847-48." The Northwest Passage was accomplished in 1878-79 by the Vega, under Professor Nordeuskjold, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The expedition was chiefly at the expense of Mr. Oscar Dickson, a merchant of Gothenburg. Sir Robert McClure is held by some to have been the first one to successfully complete the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Arctic seas. On this trip the ship was abandoned and the journey had to be completed partly on ice and partly on a relieving vessel. Peary also made attempts to find the passage.

CONCERT PITCH

Will you please give an explanation of concert pitch?—M. P. H., Pomeroy, Ohio.

Concert pitch is the pitch of a certain note in the musical scale adhered to by the general body of musicians. The middle C (seated on the ledger line which unites the G and F clefs) is produced by a string making, according to theorists, 512 vibrations per second. In England, however, the pitch has risen to 538, while in Germany it is 528, and in France 522. The gradual rise of the pitch from the theoretical 512 vibrations is attributed to the necessities of piano tuning on one hand, and the desire to attain a more intense and brilliant tone on the other.

ALEXANDER H. STEVENS

I would like to have a biography of Alexander H. Stevens.—C. H., Alapaha, Georgia.

Alexander Hodgden Stevens was born in New York city, September 4, 1789. He prepared for college in a select school at Plainfield, N. J., and was graduated from Yale University with an A. B. degree in 1807. He entered on the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Edward Miller, of New York city, attending one course of lectures in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and completing his professional training at the University of Pennsylvania and received the degree of M. D. in 1811. He then sailed for England in search of additional advantages in his studies, spending a year there and early in 1812 going to Paris for further instruction under Boyer and Baron Larrey. On the homeward voyage he was made prisoner by a British cruiser and returned to Plymouth, being allowed to resume his voyage only after a vexatious delay for the necessary papers. Arriving at New York he was appointed surgeon in the army, and after a brief experience entered on a private professional practice. In 1814 he was called to the chair of surgery in the New York Medical Institution, and in 1818 became surgeon to the New York hospital. He was transferred to the chair of the principles and practice of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1825, and when failing health determined his resignation in 1838, he was made professor emeritus by the regents of the State University. In 1841 he was appointed president of the college, a position held by him for many years. In 1849 he received the degree of LL. D. from the regents of the University of the State of New York. Dr. Stevens' contributions to literature were many and various, consisting mainly of articles in the medical periodicals and short monographs on surgical topics. He died in New York City March 30, 1869.

MARY JOHNSTON

Kindly publish a brief sketch of the life of Mary Johnston.—L. L., Marion, Ind.

Mary Johnston, the American novelist, was born at Buchanan, Virginia, November 21, 1870. She was the eldest daughter of John William and Elizabeth Johnston. Her great-grandfather, Andrew Johnston, was the uncle of General Joseph E. Johnston of the confederate army. Miss Johnston received her education at home. In her sixteenth year the family removed from Virginia to Birmingham, Alabama. In 1898 she became suddenly famous through her Prisoners of Hope, and her next book, To Have and to Hold was even more popular. She has since published Audrey, in 1902.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM

Will you please tell what you can of the origin of petroleum?—P. K., Minnesota.

Nothing is certainly known of the origin of petroleum in the earth. Many varieties of coal and shale, when distilled, produce petroleum, and it was largely manufactured in this way until the discovery that it can be obtained by deep borings in vast quantities, ended the distilling industry. Many theories have been broached, but none of them are generally accepted. The one which has most credibility is that it is produced by chemical changes, under heat and pressure, deep in the earth.

Petroleum has been known from antiquity. At various places in the world it is found floating on the surface of springs, and it was formerly skimmed from the water and used. A spring of this sort, in the Island of Zante, in the Greek archipelago, is mentioned by Herodotus, some 2,000 years ago. Dioscorides says that at Agrigentum in Sicily it was gathered and burned in lamps.

It was found in the same way floating on the water of springs by the early settlers in western Pennsylvania and other points in the Ohio valley. It was called "Seneca oil," because the Seneca Indians used it as a liniment. Back about 1845 it was bottled and sold for this purpose. The value of this oil as an illuminant was recognized, and a company was organized in 1854 to obtain this oil from the waters of springs on Oil creek, Pa. It was determined to bore into the earth in order to obtain a greater supply. Colonel E. L. Drake put down the first well at Titusville in 1859. On August 26 he struck oil at the depth of 71 feet, the well producing 1,000 gallons a day. This started the great petroleum industry of the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. L. H., Fletcher, Ohio.—The Pension Law of 1912 was quoted in the Question Bureau of October 9, 1913.

F. S., Sand Creek, Mich.—The organ of the Epworth League is the Epworth Herald, published in Chicago.

W. D., Poseyville, Ind.—The Mississippi levees are kept up by the national and state governments.

M. L., New Haven, W. Va.—Noah and Daniel Webtser were not related to one another.

If W. H., Erie, Illinois, will send two dollars to Mrs. Elizabeth Bashen, Bowen, Illinois, he can obtain a copy of the book on Andersonville Prison.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine

By HON. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

THE Mexican question now overshadows all other serious problems confronting the national administration. Soft-gloved diplomacy and moral suasion have failed to pacify Mexico. Usurper Huerta, who achieved his elevation to the presidency of the late republic by treachery, conspiracy and assassination, has arrested the duly elected congress, and sent them in a body to the penitentiary. Mexico is our nearest neighbor on the southwest. She is adjacent to our border line for over 1,000 miles. It has been fully demonstrated that the Mexican people cannot save themselves from wholesale murder and outlawry, or from the brutal rule of Usurper Huerta.

What Is Our Duty?

And the vital question is. What is the duty of the United States in this Mexican crisis, under the "Monroe doctrine" or any other doctrine, to safeguard our own border on the southwest with the environment of a stable sister republic? How can we best lend a humane helping hand to our long suffering neighbor now in the toils of a desperate and pitiless autocrat? Moral suasion has failed. No man of sane judgment would attempt moral suasion on an enraged bull dog. About two weeks ago, as stated in the dispatches from Washington, I put the plan of co-operation of friendly nations ina humane movement to pacify Mexico before Secretary of State William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan contended that my plan would violate the Monroe doctrine, which I most emphatically denied. This is mainly the reason why I made an address on the floor of the house of representatives, October 17, in an effort to show that a joint protectorate over Mexico, or a joint movement of the leading friendly powers for the pacification of Mexico would not violate either the principle or purpose of the Monroe doctrine. That speech was printed in the Congressional Record just as delivered, on the following day—October 18— and up to date none of the hundreds of champions of the Monroe doctrine in the house or senate have questioned any of the historical recitals quoted, or disputed the contention that a usurper of constitutional government in Mexico by a half-bred mongrel born on the soil, appeals just as strongly to all patriotic citizens of the United States for his dethronement as if he were a prince of the House of Bourbon, like the executed Maximilian of France.

What About Monroe Doctrine?

What about the Monroe Doctrine, and what induced President Monroe to issued his famous message of December 2, 1823, embodying the spirit and essence of the much-misunderstood Monroe Doctrine? This message was issued solely as a defensive measure and to meet an emegrency. Let me quote a bit of history to prove it. I have a copy of the letter written by President Monroe to the "Sage of Monticello" (Thomas Jefferson), October 17, 1823, in which President Monroe asked the advice of Jefferson on the impending crisis precipitated by the appeal of Spain to the "Holy Alliance" to come to the aid of Spain in maintaining Spanish rule in the Central and South American provinces, then in revolution. If any student of this question will take the trouble to read Jefferson's letter to the President; written in October, 1823, and the message of December 2, he need not remain in doubt as to the precise meaning of the policy that bears the name of Monroe. Mr. Jefferson, in his letter of October 1823, which outlined to Mr. Monroe what, in his judgment, should be our policy, said:

"We aim not at the acquisition of any of these possessions—but we will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power—and most especially their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way."

That letter, supplemented by Monroe's message, made the "doctrine." And the message of Monroe was written by his secretary of state, John Quincy Adams, a more accomplished statesman and diplomat than President Monroe.

What Webster Said.

Jefferson's letter and the message of President Monroe should be conclusive as to the meaning of the Monroe doctrine. But the views of other of our great statesmen may be more convincing to some. Daniel Webster said of it in 1826:

"The amount of it was that our government could not look with indifference on any combination among other powers to assist in maintaining monarchial government in the new world."

What are the fundamental ideas of the Monroe Doctine? First, "We do not propose to interfere with the policies or politics of any European power; hence we do not propose that they shall extend their system—which refers to absolute monarchy—to any portion of this hemisphere."

In 1823 President Monroe proposed that any of these Central and South American provinces which had, through revolution, achieved their independence would be protected in maintaining that independence by all of the moral and physical force of the United States. What other fundamental principle did the Monroe message proclaim. I quote a sentence:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere."

Here let me briefly refer to the crisis that called forth the Monroe measure. It was Spain's appeal to the "Holy Alliance." The "Holy Alliance" was a league born in September, 1815, after the Battle of Waterloo had sent Napoleon into exile. It was formed by Alexander the First, of Russia, Emperor Francis of Austria, William the Third of Prussia, and endorsed by, Spain and by nearly all of the second-class powers of Europe. The "Holy Alliance" was formed to preserve monarchial absolutism in Europe, and secondly to see to it that no member of the Bonaparte family should ever occupy any throne in Europe. That President Monroe mainly issued his famous message embodying the Monroe Doctrine against any interference by this alliance is a well-established fact. Professor Peck in his new International Encyclonedia says:

"The most noteworthy attempt of this holy alliance was to extend its operations to the New World by the coercion of Spain's revolting colonies."

To Meet Emergency.

As high authority as Professor Hiram Bingham, L. L. D., of Yale University, a profound student and scholar in the broad domain of civics, in a great book on the Monroe Doctrine, declares that the Monroe Doctrine is now an "obsolute shibboleth" so far as the United States is concerned. The Monroe message was issued not to proclaim a new national policy but to meet an emergency. It was in response to a national instinct for safeguarding our new republic, then in infancy, having less than 10,000,000 of people. It has no legitimate place in the solution of the present crisis in Mexico. We must settle this question, as we are capable of settling it, in the interest of humanity and permanent peace. We must settle it in accord with our highest national instincts of today, with no reference to any moss-grown traditions of the obsolete slogans of a hundred years ago.

The following letter from Professor Hiram Bingham, L. L. D., of the Yale University, is one of many letters I have received on this vital question from high class students in the broad domain of civics:

Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, October 23, 1913.

Dear Mr. Sherwood—Many thanks for sending me the copy of the "Congressional Record," containing your discussion on the Monroe doctrine and Mexican affairs. We have read your address with great interest. It is indeed opening a new era in our relations with Latin America when such a speech as yours can be delivered in the house of representatives without arousing a storm of jingoistic opposition.

Would it be possible for you to send me 100 copies of your speech? I should like to send them out to the editors of the leading American papers. Some of them are beginning to be converted, but many are still in darkness.

I hope you are going to have the speech printed in pamphlet form.

With kindest regards, believe me to remain fraternally yours,

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, Washington, D. C.

Let me add in conclusion that my speech on the floor of the house of representatives was delivered on October 17th. I then said the policy of non-interference failed to pacify Mexico. I recommended the joint co-operation of six friendly powers, with the United States, to pacify Mexico without resort to war. Today the news comes from Washington that this policy is now contemplated by the administration.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, October 27.

SENATE — The Kenyon bill to abolish the "red light" district was passed. Banking and currency committee took up currency reform in executive session, and heard Prof. Jenks, of the University of New York. Adjourned until noon Thursday.

HOUSE—An order was issued for the printing of 100,000 copies of the income tax regulations, when issued by the treasury department. The speeches of President Wilson and Speaker Clark, made at Philadelphia at the restoration of Congress Hall, were ordered published as public documents.

Tuesday, October 28.

SENATE—Not in session. Banking and currency committee began consideration of currency bill in executive session, but reached no conclusion on any point. Investigation of West Virginia coal mine strike conditions will be resumed today.

HOUSE — Representative Hobson proposed a constitutional amendment to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcohol in the United States. Representative Gillett proposed a constitutional amendment to prohibit polygamy.

Wednesday, October 29.

SENATE — Not in session The banking and currency committee continued consideration of its bill in executive session Charles M. Pratt testified before the West Virginia coal strike investigating committee.

HOUSE—Representative Lloyd introduced a bill providing that the railroads, instead of the government, shall pay the expenses of weighing the mails in order to form an estimate upon which to base compensation for the roads. Representative Bell introduced a bill for a general increase of pay for rural letter carriers.

Thursday, October 30.

SENATE—Three new bills to regulate opium traffic referred to a subcommittee. Banking committee continued working on currency bill in executive session. Adjourned to noon Monday.

HOUSE — Representative Gray, Democrat, of Indiana, objected to members of the house subscribing to a wedding gift for President Wilson's daughter, Miss Jessie.

Friday, October 31.

SENATE—Not in session; meets Monday. Banking committee met in executive session.

HOUSE—Met at noon. Consideration of a resolution of sympathy with Winston Churchill's naval holiday program was postponed.

Saturday, November 1.

SENATE — Not in session, meets Monday. Banking committee continued in executive session working on administration currency bill.

HOUSE—Representative Neeley, of the first West Virginia district sworn in. Several members made speeches on the lack of a quorum. Adjourned to Wednesday.

Deafness Positively Cured

Cure Yourself at Home.

Five Minute Treatment Will Convince the Most Skeptical. Head Noises Relieved from the First Trial.

You Won't Have to Strain to Hear.

Nature's Own Way Is the Best Cure. Send the Coupon.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. Dr. L. C. Grains Co., (Physicians and Scientists), will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises, full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf or what caused their deafness. This marvelous treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today, or send the coupon, to Dr. L. C. Grains Co., 1168 Pulsifer Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

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1168 Pulsifer Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, complete information concerning the new method for the treatment and cure of deafness or head noises. If I wish you to make a diagnosis of my case after hearing from you, you are to do so FREE OF CHARGE.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Hundred Years of Peace

Indianapolis News.

THE year 1813 has been made memorable by the impressive dedication of the palace of peace at The Hague, and 1814 will be marked by the celebration of a hundred years of unbroken peace between the United States and Great Britain. The actual beginning of the hundred years of peace was the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent, December 24, 1814, but the commission which concluded the treaty met in August 1814, and the celebration of the centennial may begin in that month of 1914. The United States, Great Britain and Canada, will unite in celebrating it and while the details have not been arranged the program is sufficiently foreshadowed to assure an occasion of historic interest.

The movement for the celebration started in the United States in 1907-8 and met with so much approval that committees of prominent men were appointed in this country and Great Britain to formulate plans for it, the committees being entirely nonpartisan and including representative statesmen of all parties and citizens of both countries. In April last a sub-committee of the British commission, headed by Lord Weardale, visited the United States and was entertained in New York, received by the President in Washington and, in conferences with the American committee, discussed some feature of the proposed celebration. On the day before this committee sailed for the United States King George V. gave it a special reception, wished it a successful mission and said that he was keenly interested in the proposed celebration which he hoped would draw the English speaking nations still closer together.

Canada has joined in the movement, and a committee of representative men has been appointed there, as a resolution expressed it, "To join with the kindred association in Great Britain for the purpose of co-operating with the national committee of the United States in commemoraing the centenary of the signing of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United Staes in 1814." At the public meeting in Canada at which this resolution was adopted and the committee appointed, one speaker, a member of the Canadian parliament, expressed the hope that "this celebration may take the visible form of a memorial which will proclaim for all time that two great nations lived in peace and harmony for a period of one hundred years (and let us hope will for all time) without a gun upon a rampart or a gunboat upon a river or lake along 3,500 miles of frontier, in the most friendly and neighborly feeling

Leaf Spot Disease Causes Damage

The term "disease" as applied to plants, means any change in that plant toward reduced vigor from the ordinary or average behavior. When a plant shows any deviation from the regular behavior of that plant in respect to appearance, growth, color of bark, foliage, fruitfulness, time of dropping leaves or length of life, in short, when the plant fails to conform to those averages which have been established by extended observation for the species and variety in question, the plant is said to be "diseased."

The more usual smptoms of disease are marked by evident differences in the plant. The leaves become spotted, curled or discolored, or may even drop prematurely; the fruit may develop unevenly or be marked by decayed spots, or the branches may blight, wilt or die. In all such cases we have a manifest loss of vigor and profit.

Tomato leaf and stem attacked by leaf-spot. This causes dying of the leaves in showery seasons.

While most of these troubles or diseases are caused by parasitic insects or parasitic fungi, some are caused by a variety of other agencies.

The manner of disease attack is extremely varied and the conditions set up as a result of disease are accordingly of many different kinds. We learn to recognize disease by the symptoms shown in the plant; these symptoms will at times be readily interpreted and on other occasions they will prove misleading. Nothing is plainer than the necessity for continued observation of growing plants if one is to be in a position to interpret the symptoms of disease.

When the leaves of a plant are attacked these show the direct effect; the symptoms of parasitic leaf diseases are usually localized injury resulting in spotting and often in browning of the leaf parts.

Leaf-spot symptoms are everywhere abundant and are really of very diverse origin. In any example in which the leaf tissues are locally invaded by a parasitic fungus we may expect evident effects. In the downy mildew troubles there may be wet-rot symptoms when the weather is moist, as in the case of late blight attacking potato or tomato leaves; after the leaves have become badly diseased they may appear to die very suddenly because the gradual invasion of the area has been overlooked. In many other leaf diseases no such rapid multiplication or reproduction of the parasite is possible and limited dead patches or spots are the result. The leaf-spot disease of alfalfa, the various leaf-spots of apple and the conspicuous leaf-spot of the strawberry, the beet, the pea, etc., will be recalled. In these, while the leaves are impared as to usefulness, they do not perish immediately and one may readily fail to estimate the injury at its seriousness. In a few leaf troubles we have the spotting of the leaf followed by the formation of a separation layer in the leaf tissues between the parasitized and healthy tissues. This results in "shot holes" in the leaves as is so very conspicuous in the shot-hole leaf disease of the plum and less conspicuously so on certain sour cherry trees. These leaf troubles are commonly very evident during rainy seasons and are preventable by spraying the foliage of the diseased plants at repeated intervals, thus keeping a supply of the fungicide on the leaves to arrest renewed spore development.

A leaf-spot disease of the tomato is sometimes very damaging. Like most leaf-spot troubles which are strictly due to parasitic fungi, this tomato disease has been worst in seasons of abundant rainfall. The same applies to the shot-hole disease of the plum and the allied leaf-spot of the cherry. The explanation appears to lie in more favorable conditions for spore germination and for the growth or spread of the parasitic organisms which produce the diseased conditions. Biting or sucking insects also open the way for the entrance of parasitic diseases.

Leaf of currant attacked by leaf-spot.

Leaf-spot of tomatoes is an outdoor trouble. It may be successfully prevented by about three thorough sprayings with Bordeaux mixture.

Current leaf-spot causes immature dropping of the foliage; in some cases the leaves drop even before the fruit has ripened.

Bordeaux mixture is eeffctive against this disease, though late applications may render it necessary to wash the fruit. For this reason spraying should be done very early.

The progress made in plant disease prevention throughout the world during the period of about 26 years which has elapsed since the discovery of Bordeaux mixture in France shows how well adapted this discovery was to the needs of the times.

The progress made in recent years in the study and control of plant diseases has been made possible by the agencies recently developed in the United States in the Agricultural colleges, the agricultural experiment stations and the United States department of agriculture. It is not expected that this advance in our knowledge of the diseases of plants or of the methods of disease control will soon wane.

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Don't neglect Hemorrhoids (Piles), for a true case never cures itself. You must act. Let us send you this treatment, to Try Free, today. Hundreds have been saved from dangerous and costly operations by using Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy in time. It is successful in so large a percentage of cases that, no matter how desperate your case, nor how discouraged you may be, we will send you Dr. Van Vleck's without a cent in advance and take all the risk of failure. A great many have written us of cures by Dr. Van Vleck's harmless, pleasant method in the most severe cases, even after 30 and 40 years' suffering and even after painful and expensive operations had failed. The milder cases are often entirely controlled by a single application. Can your better judgment overlook investigating a remedy like this? Send your address today. Return mail will bring you the Full Dollar Treatment. Then, after trying it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, simply write us so, and we make no charge whatever. You decide. Isn't it evident so you that only a remedy better than any ever before offered could be sold on this plan? Our Instructive Book, illustrated in colors, comes free with the free trial treatment. Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., WB45, Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write today. Send no money—only your address.

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IT HAS NO EQUAL

For the Human Body — It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Boils Corns and Bunions, CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

We would say to all who buy it that it does not contain a particle of poisonous substance and therefore no harm can result from its external use. Persistent, thorough use will cure many old or chronic ailments and it can be used on any case that requires an outward application with perfect safety.

A Perfectly Safe and Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Lumbago, Diphtheria, Sore Lungs, Rheumatism and all Stiff Joints

REMOVES THE SORENESS—STRENGTHENS MUSCLES

Cornhill, Tex.—"One bottle Caustic Balsam did my rheumatism more good than $120.00 paid in doctor's bills." OTTO A. BEYER.

Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet B.

The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, O.

Want Free Offe REPEATED

R. SPROULE
Specialist in Ear Troubles

Within the last days, many Deaf have asked me to repeat the free offer I made in the Weekly Blade last to all Deafness ferers.

The letters have filled with the pitiful appeals for They have told me the terrible the cruel setting of the sufferers pleasures, duties of life. rather die Deaf, be Deaf, but I am doomed." den of many a

Were I to only this side of picture I should be desperate. But almost one of the letters contained also this of mine was cured of Deafness by your ment. Please repeat again that offer of ness Treatment Free, that I, too, may see you can do for me."

I have sent the Free treatments. I only too well with what heartbreaking couragement the person with the casional noises in the ear—the cold—the gradual loss of keen hearing—that he or she is sowly, but surely, being prisoned in a tomb of silence, none horrible because of the fore-warning thankful as I am to help these friends cured patients. I cannot rest until I say

TO ALL WHO ARE DEA

I will give away Free treatment for Deafness to every Deaf person who asks for it.

You who are Deaf—don't hesitate—don't lay, but get pen and ink or a pencil—write any sort of paper—a postcard is just the thing—but send me your Free treatment for Deafness—Sign your name and address and send to me.

When your letter reaches me, I will send one of the treatments free. My treatment restored good hearing to hundreds and hundreds. Why should it not do the same for you?

It doesn't matter how slight your Deafness—whether it is—how long you have had it—send for a treatment. Many have been cured who thought their cases hopeless. Write me today—you about the treatment, because I want you to see for yourself—note its results in your own case. If you had answered my previous offer you might have now been in the blessed possession of good hearing. Don't miss this opportunity—but write right now for a Deafness Treatment. It is Free. Write

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

COLDS Lead to serious complications. You will find quick and permanent relief using Royal Cold Tablets. Write for free sample and literature. Royal Chemical Co., Logan, Ohio.

Drugless Pile Remedy. Simple home treatment that is inexpensive and reliable. One that will relieve your suffering and is worth many times its cost. Complete treatment by mail prepaid 50c. J.B.Meek, State College, Pa.

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation. You write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 806 Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors, the same as so many do. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat to get spirits. Even a few drinks will do injury, yet for long periods I would average to drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. Often some mixed drinks and beer additionally.

damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost me friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloo nkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and their

Mothers, Wives, Sister

While drifting from bad to worse, as the slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a **true remedy.** It saved my life. It saved me from the drink habit. My health was quickly restored, and I became and am a respectable man, enjoying the benefit of freedom from accursed alcohol. I regained and naturally lost all desire for drinks. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor **ceased.** I could stop using my remedy as long as I pleased, and I remained well and I recovered from other ailments which undoubtedly were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

A WONDERFUL

It was done in 3 days and if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power** while drinking. I rejoiced in spreading the good news of having found a remedy that decided to help to remove the curse from others. My success has been marvelous, for I have a reliable, guaranteed Home Cure. Write me today for sending to any home, anywhere. My Remedies have saved legions of drunkards, the list including very many persons in all walks of life. I will send you **testimonials** by the hundreds, every one of which you can verify. Many were saved from the drink habit because they *desired* to get rid of it forever and others who did not have even that strong will-power left, were rescued *without their knowledge* by loving wives, mothers, or friends. The after-effect or riddance of drink habit should give energy throughout the whole body; the mind, memory and will-power may be *wonderfully strengthened.*

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE, to every person (or relative or friend of one who takes alcohol to excess) who agrees that my purpose is to **save the drunkard.** I rejoice in every victory each system has my sympathy. Write to Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. My Remedies are for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and delightful overcoming of drink habit between Friday night and Monday morning—or any other 36 hours.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a person, do it quickly, completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—*often changes despair to joy.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and of the No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which had no lasting effects. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. if you cannot write today. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Ave., K490 New York, N.Y.

Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

h A Simple Home Treatment. ook Fully Describing the Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

H KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: wife was down with Consumption, when I the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak ght sweats, cough, and in a feverish condi- I noticed a change for the better after ten treatment, and from that time on up to three treatment was completed. The Lloyd ist, when the cure was complete. The Lloyd ment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood ease, and it is the only remedy so far dis- ered to do this. It is a preventive as well that would be used by those who are run n of those who fear the approach of Consump- ly of Consumption, it is the most won- vention of Consumption. It is the most won- treatment of the present age."

is only one of hundreds of letters received sicians and others reporting cases of con- and lung trouble restored to health in all the United States. We want to send ng sufferer absolutely free the startling ts of Dr. W. B. Kiesler of Dayton, Ohio; Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. of Troy, Mo., and many others who report re- almost beyond belief, together with a val- booklet on the cause, prevention and treat- of consumption and lung trouble.

you are suffering from weakness, blood-spit- ng, foul sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, of body, loss of strength—write me today and ve you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testi- of many who, after suffering with just such ing symptoms, now state that they ARE strong, able to work, without ache or pain, t a few months use of a full of praise, after a few month's use of home treatment. Send your name and ess TODAY. JUDD. Q. LLOYD, 6001 Lloyd ding, St. Louis, Mo.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

rmation How They May Give Birth to y, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book that tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Only system of treatment approved by best U.S. and foreign authorities as the only system known to permanently cure Asthma.

FREE TEST TREATMENT

Healing medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** 1 Whetzel Bldg., 236 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago.

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

Delano took his own medicine. It cured Rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his knowledge for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send me any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and cripples the bones. Maybe you are suffering the tortures of the damned right now. Don't. You don't need to. I have a remedy that I believe will cure you and it's free for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 133 R Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York. I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

BIG THINGS FOR PANAMA CANAL

French Say It Will Make United States a Trade Power.

Paris, Oct. 31.—France, the builder of the Suez canal and first to begin the work in Panama, has followed American progress on the isthmus more earnestly, perhaps, than any other country.

The French government has made a study of the effects of the opening of the canal on French commerce. The ministries of the navy, of commerce, and the colonies appointed a commission of four members to inquire into the effects of the opening of the canal on French shipping and trade in general and particularly on French colonies in the Antilles and Oceania.

The commission visited the canal zone and the French colonies concerned and examined and sifted an immense amount of material.

England and Germany will be the principal immediate beneficiaries of the canal, but America, in the opinion of the commission, will certainly take steps to promote a rapid growth of its mercantile shipping.

One of the most important consequences of the opening of the canal, the commission finds, will be not merely to provide facilities for existing commerce, but to create a new traffic which will result in the economic conquest of the Pacific and the exploitation of the natural riches of the western part of the two American continents by the capital and industry of the eastern states of the union.

The commission says that when the American manufacturer has the same advantage in respect to transport that he now has in the cost of production over his European competitor, the world's markets will be his. The rapidity with which business will increase in the United States will have far-reaching effects on the economic life of Europe, which will be obliged to transform present wasteful methods into a more scientific use of labor, the commission finds.

The French officia of Panama's rival waterway, the Suez canal, praised the methods which have been employed in executing the gigantic engineering task, but he preferred not to discuss the effect upon the trade of the Suez. M. Jonnart, the director general of the Suez canal, said at the annual meeting of the shareholders recently that the revenue of the company would not be much diminished by the opening of the Panama canal.

NOW DID YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE DO THIS?

Middletown, N. Y., Oct. 31.—A remarkable instance of a conscience-stricken woman who failed to pay for a ride on a trolley car six or seven years ago, is revealed in a letter just received by D. C. McMonagle, president of the local transit company. The letter, from a woman in the northern part of the state whose name is withheld, read:

"Inclosed find 10 cents in stamps for car fare. Some time ago I rode twice on the trolley, when the conductor failed to take my fare, perhaps six or seven years ago. It has come back to my mind, and I therefore send it to you now, and please pardon me for not doing so before."

AGUINALDO KIN ON TRIAL

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 1.—Louis Modeno, nephew of Emilio Aguinaldo, the famous Filipino, is on trial on a murder charge in the superior court here today. He was accused of having shot Carl Linehardt, a negro, July 22 last, in a quarrel over a negro woman.

Modeno is being defended by Frank Dominguez, the attorney who represented his uncle when the latter was placed on trial at Manila by the United States government.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scall, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Chaps, Weeping Skin, Etc.

10,000 Treatments Given FREE to Prove ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY

When I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime fairly a half million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. CANNADAY, *Eczema Only*, 10126 Ohio St., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of eczema?

DEFORMITIES CURED

CLUB FEET of any variety, and at any reasonable age, can be made straight, natural and useful. No plaster paris, no severe surgical operation, and the result is assured.

POTTS DISEASE when treated in time should result in no deformity; paralysis can be prevented and the growth not interfered with. Write for information and references.

SPINAL CURVATURE Recent cases usually make good recoveries and even those of long standing do well. No plaster paris, felt or leather jackets. Write for information and reference.

HIP DISEASE in the painful stage can be relieved and the inflammation permanently arrested. Shortening, deformity and loss of motion can often be corrected. No surgical operations or confinement.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS We can refer you to many responsible people all over the country, whose children, afflicted with Infantile Paralysis have been practically restored at this Sanitarium.

DEFORMED KNEES AND JOINTS of many varieties yield to our methods of treatment, and if interested you should know about it.

This is the only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the country devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE Write us for illustrated book which will be sent free on request to any address.

THE McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

3 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

Famous Detective and Wife Guarded Because of Death Threats

New York, Nov. 3.—Detective William J. Burns is guarded by nearly 100 detectives. His family had received reports that $10,000 had been raised to buy his death and forestall detectophone disclosures involving high politicians in New York state. Wherever the world famous detective goes his men, heavily armed, keep him in sight.

METHODISTS ARE FOR PROHIBITION

Adopt Resolutions for Temperance as a National Policy.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31.—The new report of the policy committee, of the national convention of Methodist men, was adopted unanimously today and without debate. Bishop W. F. McDowell, of Chicago, who read the report, asked that it be accepted without debate so that the spirit of the message would not be destroyed. The report, in brief, declares for a campaign of personal evangelism; for the bringing up of the youth in the church; for the dedication of one-tenth of their income to the church; for the hearty support of all boards created by the church; to assist in civic, industrial, social and educational uplift and to reaffirm the action of the general church on higher education for large funds for poorly paid ministers and for the cause of temperance.

For National Prohibition.

A resolution endorsing national prohibition and the campaign of the national anti-saloon league to suppress the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, was adopted by the convention yesterday afternoon amid great applause. The resolution sets forth "We stand for the speediest possible suppression of all liquor traffic," and that "the only proper attitude of the civil government toward anything so harmful as the liquor traffic is that of absolute prohibition."

It urges all Methodists to co-operate in all movements for liquor prohibition.

Welch Urges Good Cooking.

President Herbert Welch, of Ohio Wesleyan university, said the present day social reform movement is nothing more than a revival of political activity and a revival of business ethics. He said, instead of merely giving immediate relief in social cases now, the students of the reform movement considered methods to prevent a recurrence and the causes. As an illustration he said good cooking and happy homes for tired men were remedies to prevent drunkenness.

WHO WILL BOSS THE FLEET?

Commander of Atlantic Fleet Soon to Retire.

Washington, Oct. 31.—Interest in naval circles now is directed to the question of who will succeed to the command of the Atlantic fleet, when Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger relinquishes it next spring.

Those most conspicuously mentioned are Rear Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow, in command of the first division of the Atlantic fleet; Rear Admiral F. Fletcher, in command of the second division of the fleet, now incidentally in charge of General Felix Diaz in Mexican waters, and Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, in charge of the changes and repairs on vessels at home and at sea.

OCEAN LINER SAVES 22 FROM FIERY FRENCH SHIP

Hamburg, Oct. 31.—Twenty-two of the 25 men in the crew of the French bark Patrie were rescued today in mid-ocean by the Hamburg-American liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie.

The liner found the Patrie burning and disabled in mid-Atlantic, according to wireless dispatches. The German captain launched boats and took off the crew. Three of the French sailors had been washed overboard and drowned just before the arrival of the liner.

The Patrie was a vessel of 300 tons displacement, and hailed from Fecamp, France. The Kronprinzessin Cecilie is on the way here from Mexico.

CONVULSIONS

Convulsions, nervous failing spells and spasms promptly relieved by my special treatment. Testimonials on file from cases afflicted since childhood, in which my remedies were successful. Enclose this in your letter for Free Trial Bottle. I pay expressage. Give age and full particulars. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 936 Station N, New York, N. Y.

WHAT IS GOOD FOR WEAK MEN?

WRITE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU.

This is not a commercial proposition. It is simply an honest endeavor to help men. So I seek only men who are thoroughly in earnest, who really need help and who appreciate a square deal.

G. H. Bobertz, 121 Bobertz, Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

TO EVANGELIZE WORLD

Methodists Plan for a World-Wide Campaign.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 30.—Sanctioning a campaign for the evangelization of the world and accepting responsibility for 150,000,000 people in heathen lands, and approving the financial scheme adopted by the general conference of the Methodist church at St. Paul in May, 1912, the policy comittee of the national convention of Methodist men made a tentative report today.

The report, which was read by Bishop W. F. McDowell, of Chicago, declares that the laity shall assume all responsibilities on an equality with the ministry for the success of the church. It is asserted that the church should ally itself with all movements for civic righteousness.

As means of carrying out the provision, the committee recommended that the church should make an annual minimum gain of 10 per cent in membership in all local churches; that greater stress be placed on the development of the youth and universal use of the every member canvass and weekly collection.

Judge H. T. Ames, of Williamsport, Pa., was applauded roundly when he attacked the report for failure to condemn the liquor traffic.

Before asking for new converts, the church should see that the present membership is thoroughly converted and made into workers for God, declared Dr. S. S. Hugh, general secretary for foreign missions of the United Brethren Church, who addressed the convention today. He told of the work and plans of his church in the foreign fields.

ENGLAND'S BIG INCOME

Reaches Immense Total of $520,000,000 for Year.

London, Oct. 31.—England's assessed income from abroad, as set forth in the income tax statistics of last year, reached the immense total of $520,000,000, which represents capital of nearly $13,000,000,000.

These incomes are derived from foreign mines, gas works, water works, tramways, breweries, tea and coffee plantations, nitrate grounds, oil fields, land, financial, telegraph, cable, shipping and insurance companies, branches of banks and mercantile companies, mortgages on property, loans and deposits abroad and profits of all kinds arising from business done abroad by manufacturers, merchants and commission agents. When it is realized how great is the capital invested by Englishmen abroad in these varied enterprises the immense aggregate income, outside that included in the income tax statistics, can be imagined.

According to the same statistics there are 214 persons in the United kingdom with an income of $275,090, which means that there are that many persons possessing a capital of about $6,000,000 each. But these are not the richest Englishmen.

There are 66 with an income of from $375,000 to $500,000, 37 with incomes of $325,000 to $375,000, and 56 with incomes of from $275,000 to $325,000.

Furthermore, there are 4,143 persons with incomes of $50,000 and over, which means the possession of a capital of $1,000,000 or more. Consequently the total of persons in the country who possess at least $1,000,000 does not fall short of 4,571.

WOULD AID FARM WOMEN

Department of Agriculture Becomes Humanitarian.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Establishment of some form of branch or section of the department of agriculture devoted to the interests of the farm woman, probably will be undertaken by Secretary Houston in the near future, it was declared today. The secretary recently sent out broadcast to farmers' wives and daughters a letter asking them to indicate how the department could be of assistance to them in their life on the farm. Replies now are coming in every mail.

The department in the past, says the secretary, has devoted virtually all its attention to bettering crop conditions and increasing beef yield, but now it is hoped to develop the human side of the farm.

WILSON LOSES A POINT IN FIGHT

Senate Committee Opposes Him on Question of Currency Bill.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The members of the senate committee on banking and currency yesterday afternoon took the bill in their teeth and unceremoniously bolted from the specific recommendation of President Wilson.

Following an authorized statement made in the committee session that the President would not like a provision for less than ten regional banks and that a reduction, in the opinion of the White House, to less than ten would be most unwise, the committee, by a vote of 7 to 5, amended the administration currency bill as it passed the house, by reducing the number of regional banks to four.

Information covering the action of the committee reached the White House almost as soon as the vote was taken. After a telephone communication between the White House and some of the members of the committee another amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 to 2, authorizing the federal reserve board, after a period of two years, to increase, at their discretion, the number of regional banks to not over 12.

President Not Satisfied.

It is understood President Wilson is far from being satisfied with the action of the committee and he does not regard the last amendment as correctly meeting the situation.

The President is firmly of the opinion that the country is overwhelmingly in favor of the regional as against the central bank system and that the sentiment is for a system of regional banks sufficient in number fairly to represent the particular business needs of all sections of the United States. As the President views it, the actual needs of the country cannot be met by four regional banks as proposed by a majority of the senate committee.

Today it appears, more than ever, likely the President, if necessary, will adopt the course of appealing to the country and stating his side of the question in one and perhaps two speeches.

May Have Seven.

But the President was informed that there probably would be a reconsideration of the whole subject at subsequent meetings of the committee. It is thought that eventually the number of reserve banks may be fixed at seven, with discretion given to the federal reserve board to increase the number to 10 or 12 within a certain period.

No Bank for Cleveland.

If the amendment adopted by the senate committee should stand it would mean the end of any chance Cleveland or any other middle western city may have to obtain one of the regional banks. As a majority of the senate committee is trying to direct the course of currency legislation, the four regional banks proposed would be in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and either Philadelphia or San Francisco, with San Francisco favored for political if for no other reasons. The representatives of the Pacific coast in congress are threatening to vote unanimously against any currency plan which does not give a regional bank to a Pacific coast city.

PLAN FINE RED CROSS HOME

Seven Hundred Thousand Building for a Memorial.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Tentative plans for the $700,000 building to be erected as a home for the American National Red Cross and as a memorial to the women of the civil war are being considered by the Red Cross officials today.

The plans provide for a two-story, white marble structure of striking design, although the ground dimensions are not made public. The building would have a museum in the basement, while the two upper stories would be given over to a large auditorium, reception rooms and offices.

PACKER MORRIS IS DEAD

Chicago Business Leader Had Been Ill Over a Year.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—Edward Morris, president of Morris & Co., packers, died at his home today, after an illness of more than a year.

Edward Morris was born in Chicago, October 1st, 1866, a son of Nelson Morris (the originator of the business) and of Sarah Morris. His father came from Germany when a boy, and his mother was born in Chicago.

Here's New Assistant Treasurer of the U. S.

New York, Oct. 31.—Assistant Treasurer Vogel has taken up his dutles in charge of the subtreasury here. Mr. Vogel will have important work to do in conection with the changes in the financial system to be made in the new national currency bill. He succeeds the late Charles S. Millington.

INTEROCEANIC CANAL

Britain May Have Such a Project in Mind.

New York, Oct. 31.—A special dispatch from New Orleans to the New York Herald says members of the Panama Canal commission believe Great Britain has obtained rights to construct a canal through Colombia, which the United States failed to obtain during the last month of the Taft administration. The dispatch says:

"That the United States in the last month of the Taft regime tried to obtain an option for an ocean to ocean canal route through Colombia via the Atrato River is shown in documents received by Jose Carlos Martello, Colombian consul here.

Says Bryan Has Report.

"The information is contained in official papers from the minister of foreign relations, and in them are found the details of the negotiations between James T. Du Bois, a special envoy of the State Department of the United States, and Dr. Francisco Jose Urrutia, minister of foreign relations of Colombia.

"The conference was held in Bogota Feb. 15 last, and Mr. Du Bois reported the failure of the negotiations to William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, April 1.

Believe Britain Got Rights.

Coincident with this, Ernest Klepetko, a mining engineer, who passed some time in Panama en route from Peru to his home in New York, brought the report that officials of the isthmian canal commission are convinced that an understanding has been reached whereby the government of Great Britain will build the canal, for which the United States sought an option. It is said plans for a sea-level canal have been drawn.

"An arrangement is said to have been reached between Great Britain and Colombia whereby the British are to furnish the money for the canal work and have perpetual rights of free navigation in return, together with other privileges."

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

CALEB POWERS FIGURES IN DRAMATIC SCHOOL SCENE

Washington, Nov. 1.—Law students at Georgetown University were telling today of a dramatic scene in a class room last night in which Dr. Holmes Conrad, professor of law, and Caleb Powers, the Kentucky congressman, were the actors.

In a lecture to a post graduate class Dr. Conrad was denouncing public sympathy for criminals and declared that some, through a mistaken public sentiment, were carried to places of power when released from prison.

"Who was that man in Kentucky who killed another and was sent to congress?" asked the professor of the class, to illustrate his point.

During the hush that immediately fell over the room, Caleb Powers, a student, sittting in the front row, rose to his feet with perfect composure, and in a clear voice, said:

"I am that man, doctor; I was not guilty."

Dr Conrad apologized, continued his lecture and afterward, made a formal apology to Powers, saying he had not known the congressman was a member of his class.

Powers spent eight years, three months and three days in Kentucky prisons fighting for his life. He was charged with complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Nov. 4.—There was weaker tone in the wheat market here at the opening today. Prices shaded off on the lower cables and a fair amount of selling orders at the start. Trade was inactive at the opening. Northwest cars showed an increase over one week ago. Cash wheat opened unchanged, while December wheat was down ¼c to 95¼c. May wheat was off ⅛c to 99⅝c.

	High.	Low.	Close Nov. 4.	Close Nov. 3.
Wheat—Open.				
Cash	....	....	94½	94½
Dec.	95¼	95¼	95¼	95¼
May	99⅝	99¾	99⅛	99¾
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	74½	74½
Dec.	70½	70⅝	70⅛	70⅞
May	71⅝	72⅛	72	72¼
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	41¼	41½
Dec.	40¼	39¼	40	40⅜
May	44¼	43⅝	44	44⅛
Clover Seed—				
Prime	....	....	8.10	8.30
Dec.	8.25	8.12½	8.12½	8.30
March ..	8.25	8.25	8.12½	8.30
Rye—				
No. 2	....	....	66¼	67
Timothy—				
Prime ..	10.70	....	10.70	10.70
Dec.	10.40	....	10.50	10.50
March ..	10.40	....	10.50	10.50
Alsike—				
Old	....	....	2.47½	2.47½
New	....	....	2.50	2.50
Dec.	2.52½	....	2.52½	2.52½
Feb.	2.57½	....	2.60	2.60
March ..	2.62½	....	2.62½	2.62½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	85¼	85¼	84⅞	84	85⅜
May	89⅝	89⅞	89¼	89⅝	90¼
July	87¼	87¼	86⅜	87	87⅞
Corn—					
Dec.	69⅜	69⅝	68⅝	69¼	69⅞
May	70½	70⅝	69⅞	70⅜	70⅝
July	69¾	69⅞	69¼	69⅝	70
Oats—					
Dec.	37⅜	37⅜	37¼	37⅜	37⅞
May	41⅜	41⅜	41¼	41⅝	41⅝
July	41¼	41⅜	40⅝	41⅜	41½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	20.05	20.05	19.92	19.92	20.10
May	20.10	20.10	19.95	19.95	20.15
Lard—					
Jan.	10.75	10.75	10.60	10.62	10.77
May	10.90	10.90	10.77	10.80	10.90
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.65	10.65	10.52	10.55	10.70
May	10.75	10.77	10.65	10.65	10.82

NEW YORK

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	....	95
May	....	....	....	....	97½

ST. LOUIS

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	86⅞	87¼
May	....	....	....	91	91⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	81⅞	83⅛
May	....	....	....	86⅜	87⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	82⅜	82
May	....	....	....	86⅛	87½

New York Produce.

New York, Nov. 3.—Flour, steady; spring patents, $4.35@4.55; winter straights, $4.10@4.20; winter patents, $4.40@4.60; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.50@3.75; extra No. 2, winter, $3.35@3.50; Kansas straights, $4.10@4.20. Higher Liverpool cables and bullish weekly foreign statistics served to hold wheat steady this morning. Dec. 95¼@95¾c. Pork steady; mess, $24.25@25.50; family, $24.50@27.00; short clear, $19.75@21.00. Beef, quiet; mess, $17.50@18.50; family, $19.00@20. Lard, firm; middle west, $10.75@10.85. Petroleum, steady; refined New York, bulk, $5.25; bbls., $8.75; cases, $11.25. Molasses, steady. New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay quiet; standard, $1.02½@1.05; No. 1, $1.05@1.07½; No. 2, 95c@$1.00; No. 3, 85@90c. Hides, steady; Bogota, 31@32c; Central America, 32c. Leather, firm; hemlock 1sts, 29@30c; 2nds, 28@29c.

Raw sugar steady; Muscovado, 3.11c; centrifugal, 4.04c; molasses, 2.86c; refined steady; cut loaf, 5.30c; crushed, 5.20c; mould A, 4.85c; cubes, 4.60c; XXXX powdered, 4.50c; powdered, 4.45c; fine granulated, 4.35c; diamond A., 4.35c; confectioners' A., 4.25c; No. 1, 4.25c.

Butter, irregular, 4,600 tubs; creamery, extras, 32@33c; firsts, 27½@30c; seconds, 24½@27c; thirds, 23½@24c; held extras, 30½@31c; firsts, 27@29c; seconds, 24½@26½c; good to prime, 27@29c; common to fair, 25@26c; process extras, 29@21c; firsts, 24½@25½c; seconds, 22½@23c; imitation creamery, firsts, 24½@25½c; factory, June make, firsts, 24c; current make, firsts, 23@23½c; seconds, 22@22½c; packing stock, June No. 1, 23c; current, No. 2, 21½@22c. Cheese, steady, 1,000 boxes; state whole milk, held, colored, specials, 15¾@16c; white, 16c; average fancy colored, 15¼c; white, 15¾c; fresh, white or colored, specials, 15½@15¾c; average fancy, colored, 15@15¼c; white, 15¼c; state whole milk, under grades, 12¼@14¾c; daisies, 16c; Wisconsin, whole milk, daisies, 16c; flats, 15¾@16c; twins, 15¾c; skims, 11¼@13c.

Eggs strong; receipts, 8,900 cases; fresh gathered, extras, 38@40c; extra firsts, 35@37c; firsts, 30@34c; seconds, 29@32c; thirds, 25@28c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 15@20c; No. 2, 20@24c; checks, good to choice dry, 22@23c; under grades, $3.40@6.80; refrigerator, special marks, fancy, 24½c; firsts, 27¼@28c; seconds, 26@27c; lower, 23@25c; dirties, 19@24c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, whites, fine to fancy, 52@57c; gathered, whites, 52@55c; henery, browns, 38@45c; gathered, browns, 42@46c; western gathered, whites, 43@48c. Dressed poultry weaker; fresh killed western chickens, 14@23c; fowls, 13@19½c; turkeys, spring, 20@24c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—Butter higher; creamery, 22½@31c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,075 cases; at mark, cases included, 23@28c; ordinary firsts, 26@26c; firsts, 30c. Cheese higher; daisies, 15@15¼c; twins, 14¼@14¾c; americas, 15@15½c; long horns, 15¼@15½c. Potatoes lower; receipts, 45 cars; Michigan and Wisconsin, 55@75c; Minnesota and Ohio, 65@72c. Poultry lower; springs, 12c; fowls, 11c; turkeys, 16c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Nov. 4.—Butter, creamery, extras, 34@34½c; prints, 35@35½c; firsts, 33@34½c; seconds, 32@32¼c; process, extra, 29½@30c; firsts, 28½@29c; packing stock No. 1, 22½@23¼c; No. 2, 20½@21½c. Cheese, American whole milk fancy, 18½@c; choice, 17@17½c; brick, fancy, 18¼@19c; choice, 17¼@18c; swiss fancy, open, 20½@21c; do choice, 19½@20c; limburger, fancy, 17¼@18c; do choice, 16¼@17c. Eggs, fresh gathered, current receipts, 33c; do seconds, 28c; refrigerator extras, 27½c; do firsts, 26½c. Poultry, chickens, alive, light, 11@12c; heavy, 13@14c; ducks, 14@16c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 19@20c; guinea fowls, young, $4.00@5.00 a dozen. Apples, fancy, $4.00@4.25 barrel; do choice, $2.50@3.50; per half bushel, 30@35c; bushel baskets, 50c@$1.25; western box $1.90@3.50. Potatoes, best grades, car lots, 78c; jobbing, 85c; store, 90c; Virginia sweets, $1.50@1.65; jerseys, $2.15@2.35; hampers, 75@80c; Delaware, 60@70c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; market lower; bulk of sales, $7.65@8.00; light, $7.40@7.95; mixed, $7.45@8.15; heavy, $7.35@8.10; rought, $7.35@7.55; pigs, $4.75@7.40. Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; market slow; beeves, $6.60@9.75; Texas steers, $6.65@7.70; stockers and feeders, $5.00@7.50; cows and heifers, $3.50@8.25; calves, $6.50@10.75. Sheep—Receipts, 32,000; market steady; native, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $5.00@6.00; lambs, native, $6.00@7.40.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 4.—Cattle, receipts 100; market dull; choice to fat steers, 11580 pounds and upwards, $8.00@8.90; fair, 1,000 to 1,100 pound steers, $7.75@8.25; choice heifers, 900 to 1,000 pounds, $6.75@7.25; choice to fat butcher bulls, $6.00@6.50; fair to good fat cows, $5.00@6.00; choice to extra milchers and springers, $50@75. Veal calves, receipts 150; market, steady; good to choice, $10.50@11.50. Sheep and lambs, receipts 800; sheep steady, lambs 10c higher; choice spring lambs, $8.75@7.00; fair to good, $5.75@6.25; common, $4.50@5.00; choice wethers, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.25; choice ewes, $4.00@4.25; culls and commons, $2.50@3.25. Hogs, receipts 2,000; market steady; heavies and mediums, $8.15; yorkers and light yorkers, $8.00; pigs, $7.50; roughs, $7.25; stags, $7.00.

Pittsburg Live Sstock.

Pittsburg, Nov. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,100; steady; heavy steers, $8.50@8.90; fat steers, $8.00@8.40; fair steers, $6.25@6.75; heifers, $7.00@7.35; fat cows, $5.25@5.90; fair cows, $3.50@5.00; butcher bulls, $6.25@6.60; milch cows, $50.00@90.00. Hogs—Receipts, 12,500; steady; prime heavies, $8.20@8.25; heavy mixed, $8.20@8.25; mediums, $8.20@8.25; heavy Yorkers, $8.20@8.25; light Yorkers, $7.50@7.75; pigs, $7.00@7.40. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9,000; lower; prime wethers, $4.90; choice lambs, $7.25. Calves—Receipts, 600; steady; top, $11.50.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Nov. 4.—Cattle—Receipts, 700; steady. Veals—Receipts, 200; native, $6.00@12.00; Canada, $3.50@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; heavy and mixed, $8.15@8.25; Yorkers, $7.75@8.25; pigs, $7.50@7.75; roughs, $7.40@7.50; stags, $6.50@7.25; dairies, $8.00@8.25. Sheep—Receipts, 8,000; sheep steady; lambs, $5.50@7.25.

COLORADO STONE IS READY

Washington, Nov. 3.—A block of Colorado yule marble inscribed with the coat of arms of Colorado will be placed today in the collection of state memorial stones that decorates the interior of the Washington Monument. The block, which is four by two feet and six inches deep will be placed on the 290-foot landing of the manument.

HIGH TIDES RUIN CROPS

Windsor, N. S., Nov. 3.—Immense damage has been caused by the recent high tides along the coast between Windsor and Grand Pre. Several miles of dikes have been swept away and large areas of valuable land are under several feet of water. Crops are ruined and highways so badly washed out that they are impassable.

IMMIGRANTS HAVE HOOKWORM

Washington, Nov. 3.—Having discovered that a large percentage of immigrants coming into the United States, especially those entering by the Pacific coast are hookworm victims, Commissioner General Caminetti today sent instructions to all immigration officers throughout the country for vigorous examinations.

CALL MARYLAND PASTOR

Monroe, Mich., Oct. 31.—Rev. Schumaker of Maryland succeeds Rev. Fred Bauer, for the last 30 years in charge of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church at Ida. Rev. and Mrs. Bauer will reside at Blissfield.

STOPPED HIS DRINKING

This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago

SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW

FREE

Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell

For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.

Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks

Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.

It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 66 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE—This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

RHEUMATISM

POSITIVELY CURED.

I have a simple herbal recipe that positively Cures Rheumatism in all its various painful forms. I have given it to many who had abandoned all hope of ever getting well, and they were completely cured. It cured me after many years of terrible suffering from muscular and inflammatory Rheumatism. It has also cured many of the worst cases on record of Sciatica as well as Neuralgia. I know you will consider it a God-Send after you have tested it. There is nothing contained in it that is in any way injurious, and you can see for yourself exactly what you are taking. I will gladly send this Recipe—absolutely free—to any sufferer who will send name and address. **H. P. Sutton 2651 Orchard Avenue, Los Angeles, California.**

Relief for Catarrh Sufferers Now FREE

You Can Now Treat This Trouble in Your Own Home and Get Relief at Once.

How the Remedy for Catarrh Was Discovered.

*By the new method the nose and throat are treated by an effective local rem

MITCHEL WINS IN NEW YORK

Tammany's Candidate for Mayor of City Goes Down to Defeat.

New York, Nov. 5.—Each successive recapitulation today affirmed the crushing defeat of Tammany forces in yesterday's elections in this state. The organization was not only engulfed in a plurality of over 110,000 votes, with which the fusionists elected John Purroy Mitchel mayor of New York City, but in many up-state districts a severe rebuke was administered to the Tammany Democracy, that has been in control of the state since the days of Governor Hughes.

William Sulzer, deposed by Tammany's exposure of his unlisted campaign contributions, was re-elected to public office, less than three weeks having intervened since he was removed from the governor's chair. He will return to Albany in January as a member of the assembly.

Many of the leigislators who voted to impeach him met defeat, with the result that he will sit in an anti-Tammany house. On the basis of incomplete returns, it was estimated that the next assembly will be composed of 85 Republicans, 17 Progressives and 48 Democrats. Many of the latter were said to be men of Progressive or Independent tendencies.

The fusionists won the mayoralty contest in New York with a plurality almost as large as that which the Tammany chieftain, Charles F. Murphy, had said yesterday would elect Edward E. McCall.

With much reduced pluralities, but of city and George McAneney, president of the board of aldermen. They kept out of Tammany's hands the presidency of the three principal boroughs, Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx, and thus increased the anti-Tammany majority on the board of estimates, which controls the city's expenditures. The fusion vote on the board will be 14 to Tammany's 2. A fusion majority in the board of aldermen was also elected.

Two Democratic congressmen were elected in the city—from the Thirteenth and Twentieth districts. From the former, George W. Loft was chosen to succeed the late Timothy D. Sullivan. Jacob H. Cantor was elected in the Twentieth to succeed Francis Burton Harrison.

RAILWAY REVENUES LOWER

Ninety-Six Dollars Less a Mile Than Same Period 1912.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Net revenues per mile of 125 railroads throughout the United States during July, Augfst and September were $96 less this year than in the same three months last year, according to statistics prepared by the interstate commerce commission. Last year these revenues amounted to $1,224 a mile, whereas this year they were only $1,128.

The loss was most conspicuous in the eastern district, where the decrease in the three months was from $2,160 to $1,865, a drop of $295 a mile. The roads in the western district showed a loss of $42. In the southern district there was a slight gain, an advance of $8 increase per mile in net revenues being noted.

16 BODIES FROM THE WRECK

Fresh Trains Collide — Postal Clerks Killed.

Melun, France, Nov. 5.—Sixteen bodies were taken during the night from the burned and splintered passenger coaches of the Marseilles-Paris Express train wrecked late last evening in a collision with a local train. It is believed several more bodies are still in the wreckage.

All the corpses were badly burned and almost unrecognizable. Nine of the dead were postal clerks who were sorting letters in the mail cars. Two of the others were a French infantry captain and his wife, while another was a millianaire merchant of Lyons.

Thirteen passengers were seriously hurt. There were no Americans among the passengers.

SEES MORE LIVING SAINTS

New York, Nov. 3.—There are more living than dead saints, Cardinal Farley declared today in his sermon. Abused wives who keep silence regarding their troubles deserve a place with the canonized saints," he said.

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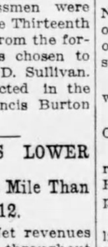

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Beats Tammany Man for Mayor of N. Y.

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL
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Tuesday's Election Results in Brief

Carl Keller, Republican, defeated Cornell Schreiber, Independent and Democratic candidate, and Charles E. Chittenden, Toledo ticket, for mayor of Toledo.

David I. Walsh, Democrat, was elected governor of Massachusetts by a plurality estimated at 50,000.

James F. Fielder, Democrat, was chosen governor of New Jersey.

Illinois women got their first opportunity to vote in wet and dry election Tuesday. The question was up in 25 municipalities throughout the state and the result was a dry victory in 24.

Republicans won control of the New York state legislature. The issue of Tammany rule was raised throughout the state, and the result was sweeping Republican gains.

In Maryland, Blair Lee, a Democrat, was chosen for the U. S. senate.

Republicans made heavy gains in Cincinnati, Cleveland and Toledo, O.

Newton D. Baker, Democrat, was re-elected mayor of Cleveland over Harry Davis, Republican, by a small plurality in the neighborhood of 3,000.

Judge Frederick Spiegel, Republican, defeated Henry Hunt, Democrat, for mayor of Cincinnati by about 3,000 plurality.

Mayor George Karb, Democrat, was re-elected in Columbus by about 4,000 plurality.

The Democrats won sweeping victories in the Indiana municipal elections. The most complete Democratic victories were in Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

The Indiana victories mean a demand by Indiana voters for more liberal government. The vote is against the "dry" movement, which has been proving unsatisfactory.

William Sulzer, recently impeached governor of New York, was elected to the state legislature.

Republicans of Cincinnati elected their entire ticket. Mayor Hunt, defeated for re-election, was swept into office two years ago on a reform wave.

FREIGHT STEAMER HITS AN ICEBERG

Enters Harbor with Bow a Mass of Crumpled Wreckage.

St. Johns, N. F., Nov. 4.—The Furness line freighter Manchester Commerce dragged her way into the harbor here today, her bow a wass of crumpled wreckage, and her pumps racing madly to defeat the flood of water which poured in through the shattered hull.

The steamer, which carries no wireless apparatus, crashed headon into a giant iceberg at 2 o'clock Sunday morning while about 100 miles east of Belle Isle.

The night was very dark, and the berg loomed out of the blackness so suddenly that there was no time to change the course of the steamer which swept at full speed into the mountain of ice.

The force of the impact was terrific. The steel prow of the liner was crumpled up like a piece of tin as far aft as the collision bulkhead. The decks were covered with huge fragments of broken ice and wreckage.

Captain Couch made a hasty survey of the damage and headed his ship for St. Johns. He succeeded in notifying his agents at Montreal by means of flag signals.

The sea was swept by heavy storm and the steamer had a hard time making port. Torrents of water poured into the hold through the shattered bow. The pumps, although continually in operation, could scarcely hold their own. The ship reached here in sinking condition. She was the worst wreck that ever entered the harbor. Repairs will require about two months.

40 OFFICERS AND MEN

The steamer carried 6,000 tons of general cargo. Her lower hold, above which the water did not come, was filled with timber, while grain, flour and foodstuffs were on the deck above.

The Manchester Commerce carries a crew of 40 officers and men. She is built of iron and registers 5,363 tons gross.

BIG FLEET NEAR GIBRALTAR

On Board the United States Battleship Wyoming, by Wireless Telegraphy, Nov. 5.—The vessels of the United States battleship fleet arrived off the Portuguese coast today and it is expected that they will enter the straits of Gibraltar tomorrow night.

The fleet will be divided into several detachments at Gibraltar, being detailed to visit various ports.

ELECTION RESULTS STIR POLITICIANS

Victory of Republicans in Toledo and Cincinnati Causes Surprise.

Columbus, Nov. 5.—Defeat of all the independent proposed constitutional amendments, the overthrow of Democratic control in two large cities of the state—Cincinnati and Toledo—and an exceedingly close shave for Mayor Newton D. Baker and his ticket in Cleveland, were outstanding features in the aftermath from yesterday's elections.

While the Democrats had retained control of a majority of the smaller cities it was said at Republican headquarters today that the Republican vote throughout the state had shown a considerable gain over that in municipal elections two years ago.

Mayor George J. Karb, Democrat, was retained in Columbus by 4,000 majority, the majority of others offices, including council and city solicitor, went to the Republicans.

In Cincinnati there was reversal of from 9,000 to 10,000 votes, Mayor Hunt two years ago elected by a substantial majority, losing yesterday by probably 4,000 over his Republican opponent, Judge Frederick S. Spiegel.

Toledo Result Causes Stir.

One of the big surprises in the state was the election in Toledo of Carl H. Keller, Republican, who made his fight without the support of a single newspaper. Political leaders said he would run third. Unofficial returns show him to have polled more votes than both of his opponents.

Four cities in Ohio elected socialist mayors. They are Coshocton, Hamilton, Martins Ferry, (re-elected) and Shelby.

Amendments Defeated.

Proposed constitutional amendments, according to unofficial returns, with possibly two exceptions were defeated in Tuesday's election. Sentiment recorded on the ballots indicates that the majority of he voters of the state hold the belief that the new constitution, adopted last year, is sufficient to meet the needs of the people for a time at least.

Of the five measures submitted the only two that seem to have carried were those providing hat women may hold office in institutions caring for women and children, and the exemption of municipal bonds from taxation. This latter proposal is in doubt and more complete returns may show its defeat.

Short Ballots Lose.

The short ballot proposals, providing that the attorney general, secretary of state and several other officers be appointed by the governor were defeated by large majorities and the proposal to make a number of county officials appointive also were voted down.

The amendment providing for a smaller legislature, based on population, a proposal conceived by the "liberal" interests, also was defeated.

The initiated law, fathered by the anti-saloon forces, which would prevent the shipment of liquor into dry territory was voted down.

MRS. LIND SAVES MEXICANS BY HIDING THEM ON SHIP

New York, Nov. 1.—The steamer that arrived last night from Vera Cruz with Mrs. John Lind, wife of President Wilson's special envoy, also brought two Mexican legislators, who owe their liberty, if not their lives, to her quick wit and generosity.

To save the two Mexicans from arrest at Vera Cruz Mrs. Lind hid them in her stateroom and sat up all night on deck until the boat left port and the officers of the Huerta government had gone ashore.

A week ago the cables brought word that the Ward liner, Morro Castle, had been detained at Vera Cruz while Huerta agents searched for eight rebellious members of the legislature of the state of Vera Cruz.

Until the Morro Castle arrived here only those aboard knew that two of the eight "Deputies" had escaped arrest. These men, Adolfo Dominguez and Miguel A. Corders, say they will stay in New York until Mexico becomes a safer home for the opponents of Huerta.

Mrs. Lind said that her husband, the special envoy, had expected to come home after the Mexican election. Now she didn't know when he would come.

"We expected that the Morro Castle would sail from Vera Cruz," said Mrs. Lind, "at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 23. Then Captain Huff was subpoened to testify regarding the flight of Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, who had sailed on the Morro Castle five months before. Later we learned that the real reason for our detention was that the government wished to search the ship for eight state legislators from the city of Jalapa. They arrested six of these men, but they didn't find the others, and I'll tell you why.

"While the search was going on the friends of these men learned that I was aboard and they came with tears in their eyes begging me to help them. I said 'here's the key to my stateroom. Take it.'

"That was all they needed. I spent the night on deck and the two men hid in my room until the detectives gave up the search and went ashore. Then the ship was released and we sailed at 5 o'clock the next morning."

The wife of the speical envoy is a housewifely little woman with quiet manners and a low voice, but her eyes flashed as she asserted: I couldn't bear to think of these men being taken ashore and hanged. I just had to do something for them."

MEXICAN MONEY KING JAILED

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 4.—General Terrazas, reported to be the wealthiest man in Mexico, is reported a prisoner of the federals at Juarez. Military officials in Juarez deny knowledge of his presence, but the rumor is persistent that General Terrazas and members of his family came to Jaurez yesterday on the special train that brought General Francisco Castro, and that Terrazas was detained.

General Castro took command of the Juarez garrison last night. Simultaneously, Guillermo Cruz, mayor, came to El Paso, and today General Castro announced Luis Comaduran as the new mayor.

Two hundred and fifty reinforcements were sent from Juarez to Chihuahua today. The federals still hold the city of Chihauhua, according to advices here.

MRS. EATON FREE ON JURY'S WORD

Widow Accused of Giving Rear Admiral Poison Is Not Guilty.

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 30.—Mrs. Jennie May Eaton was acquitted of the charge of murder of her husband, Rear Admiral Joseph G. Eaton, by verdict of the jury rendered at 5:10 o'clock this morning.

The jury had retired at 6 o'clock last night. Notwithstanding that there seemed little prospect as the night wore on, of a verdict before morning, a crowd of nearly 200 persons sat out the tedious night. Mrs. Eaton awaited the verdict composedly and smiled when she heard the foreman of the jury pronounce her "not guilty."

Mrs. Eaton had sat up in a private room at the court house until 2 o'clock this morning. Then she was permitted to go to the judge's lobby, where she slept on a couch until awakened at 4:30 and summoned to the court room.

Of the 200 persons who remained all night to hear the verdict, a few were women.

After the foreman had announced the verdict, Chief Justice Aiken warned the jurors to keep secret the proceedings in the jury room.

Jurors Greet Mrs. Eaton.

After Mrs. Eaton had left the court room the jurors, through their foreman, asked that they might be allowed to meet her. The permission was granted and they formed a semi-circle in the corridor. Mrs. Eaton came out from the judge's lobby and thanked them individually. As she did so she burst into tears for the first time since her trial started.

A little later Mrs. Eaton gave out the following statement:

"I am glad most of all because of my aged mother and my lame child, both of whom need me. I shall go home late today. I hope that a new life will be opened to me and that the trials and tribulations which have been mine in the past are ended."

Case Still a Mystery.

Her chief counsel, Mr. Morse, said: "It was Mrs. Eaton's appearance on the stand, an unusual event in any capital case and a remarkable one where a woman was on trial for her life, which decided the defendant's innocence in the minds of the jurors. The verdict was what we expected. It frees an innocent woman, but leaves as a mystery the end of the admiral, her husband. For six months I have tried to find out what was behind the poison which caused his death, but my investigations have developed no satisfactory explanation. It must probably remain a mystery."

PRESIDENT IS INTERESTED

Washington, Nov. 3.—President Wilson is looking forward to the results of tomorrow's election as a stimulus to the administration program on currency. In both New Jersey and Maryland the currency bill and national issues have figured prominently, while the administration has sent many speakers to Massachusetts.

The President, with Secretary Tumulty, will leave here for New Jersey early tomorrow, arrive in Princeton at 2:30 o'clock, and leave two hours afterward for Washington.

GERMANY TO BUILD EMBASSY

Magnificent House in Washington to Cost $500,000.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Official and diplomatic society was greatly interested today to learn that ground probably would be broken in April for the new German embassy which it is proposed to erect on one of the fashionable thoroughfares in the national capital. While full details have not been made public, it is understood that Kaiser William's representative home here will be magnificient and spacious and one well adapted for entertainments on a large scale.

Count von Bernstoff, the German ambassador, has just returned to Washington for the season, and is busily engaged in his plans for the new home. The building, which will cost $500,000, exclusive of the interior decorating and furnishing, will be of the Italian rennaissance style of architecture with columns similar to those at the White House. The site for the embassy, on S street between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets was purchased by the German government several years ago.

MORGAN'S DAUGHTER SHOWS THE POOR HOW TO LIVE

New York, Nov. 3.—Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, is showing the young women of the East Side how to furnish a home for less than $100; also how to care for it, cook the meals and to oversee the home in general.

A model three-room flat erected in the Memorial house of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant square serves as an illustration of Mrs. Satterlee's ideas. The three rooms contain only absolute necessities purchased at the lowest possible cost, the price of each article being plainly marked.

The living room contains a table, three chairs, a sofa-bed, a chiffonier, pictures, shelves for books and racks for clothes. A common everyday clothes basket is to serve as a baby's bed.

The sleeping room is furnished with a double deck iron bed, a chiffonier, two chairs, a metal washstand, racks for clothes, hat boxes, a mirror and pictures. Both rooms have matting rugs of bright design.

The kitchen floor is covered with oilcloth. The table is covered with white oilcloth. There are two chairs, a chair stepladder, a cabinet for dishes and racks for pots and pans.

The course of instruction covers 26 weeks and the class is crowded daily with girls from 7 years of age to women of 40.

MORE ALIENS COMING IN

Washington, Nov. 3.—Figures indicate that the immigration to the United States is on the increase. Statistics made public by the bureau of immigration today show that the total number of immigrant aliens admitted for August was 126,160, compared with 82,827 for the same month last year.

Only 45c For This Fashionable Auto Hood

for ladies and misses. A style hit of the new season at a price to make you wonder! Just to show you what our Great Challenge Sale means to you. Hundreds of stupendous bargains like this stylish auto hood. Made of excellent quality pure worsted yarn in the very fancy zig zag weave. Excellent knitting, turn back around front with large rosette on either side. Fancy silk covered button. Has knitted ties. A very popular hood this season and usually sells for not less than 90c. Comes in navy blue, cardinal or pure white. 45c Price postpaid.

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SUPERSTITION OF SEA

Bark Annie Reid Met a Phantom Ship.

New York, Nov. 3.—Although the day of the sailing ship is nearly over, there lies at a Brooklyn dock today a four-masted bark just in with a log of unusual adventure. The vessel is the Annie M. Reid, and according to her master, Captain Durkee, the vessel in her course through the seven seas nearly had a collision with a "phantom ship," and in a run south of the Cape of Good Hope logged the remarkable record of 370 miles a day for four days in succession.

In one breath the captain described his course "from Carthage to Montevideo, to Adelaide, to St. Helena, to Queenstown, to Havre, to London, to New York."

It took a week to get through the fog making Havre, but with a fair wind the bark logged 10,000 miles in 38 days from Montevideo to Adelaide. At dusk one day in the midst of a calm a sudden squall came up, carrying down several of the sails and at the same time a large tramp steamer, like a phantom, was sighted coming down on the bark. Although Captain Durkee burned blue lights and gave other signals, there was no answer from the strange ship.

Captain Durkee said: "There was not a living soul on the deck or bridge and there was nobody on the lookout. We did what we could to avert a collision and by quick work we passed under full sail barely a biscuit's toss away.

On the way from Carthage to Adelaide Captain Durkee turned all hands to chipping the rust from the skin of the steel winged ship. One of the smallest lads on the bark chipped so hard with his pick down in the forepeak that he scraped a hole through the plate and the Atlantic came gushing in so furiously that the men were kept at the pumps regularly for four hours a day until the ship reached port and was repaired.

ARMY OF 115,000 MEN ASKED

Would Have a Mobile Force of 54,600 Men.

Washington, Nov. 3.—An army of 115,000 men is what the infantry arm of the service has asked of the secretary of war. This would permit the formation within the United States of a mobile army of three infantry divisions of 27 regiments, one cavalry division of 12 regiments and seven regiments of field artillery.

On the basis of the proposed increase the mobile army, exclusive of the coast artillery and the troops serving beyond the seas, would consist of 35,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, 5,400 field artillery, 2,200 auxiliary troops; a total of 54,600 men, or an enlisted man to every 1,700 population.

DOCK FOR A 1,000-FOOT SHIP

New York, Nov. 3.—Aroused by port improvements elsewhere, particularly in Boston, the dock department of New York has decided upon building a drydock long enough to accommodate the "forthcoming 1,000-foot ship."

The dock will be located on the South Brooklyn water front, on land that has been owned by the city for seven years without bringing any return. The project will cost about $2,500,000.

Rival Rebel Leaders Who Oppose Huerta

These are two rebel leaders who are now trying to overthrow Huerta in Mexico. General Carranza, leader of the constitutionalists, is governor of Coahuila. He was a warm personal friend of President Madero, who was imprisoned and murdered at Mexico City.

General Mondragon is another rebel leader, who is affiliated with the Diaz party. Huerta would like to secure the heads of these two men.

BUSCH'S FAMILY SHARE 50 MILLION

Little Over $200,000 Is Left to Charity by St. Louis Brewery Owner.

St. Louis, Oct. 30.—The will of Adolphus Busch filed today for probate makes charitable bequests aggregating $170,000 to a number of St. Louis institutions and places the bulk of the estate in trust. Mrs. Lillie Busch, Charles Magel and August A. Busch are named trustees.

In addition to the charitable bequests set forth in the will Mr. Busch left a private memorandum requesting members of his family to make certain other donations, most of which are private in their nature. The attorneys, however, made public the names of eight St. Louis institutions which are to receive, under the memorandum, a total of $40,000; making the total bequests for charitable purposes $210,000.

This trust is to be disposed as follows:

One-eighth to the widow, Mrs. Lillie Busch.

Seven-eighths to be divided into seven equal shares, the shares to be apportioned as follows:

Two Shares to Son.

Two shares to August A. Busch, the son and for several years active head of the Busch interests.

One share to be retained by the trustees for each of the daughters, Mrs. Nellie Looeb, of Chicago; Mrs. Edmee Reisinger, of New York; Mrs. Anna Luise Faust, of St. Louis; Mrs. Clara Von Gongtard, of Berlin, and Mrs. Welhimine Scharr, wife of Lieut. Eduard Scharr, of the German army.

Before specifying the disposition of the part of the estate which is placed in trust, the will provided that all household property and effects, including paintings, statuary and jewelry, as well as carriages, horses and "other appurtenances," should go to Mrs. Lilly Busch.

German Estate to Widow.

Mrs. Busch also receives the estate in Germany, including a villa and 1,200 acres of forest and agricultural land. Moreover, until the estate finally is settled, Mrs. Busch is to take whatever she deems proper for the maintenance of herself and family, not exceeding $50,000 a year.

Several St. Louis institutions are given $10,000 each.

The part of the estate placed in trust includes all except the charitable bequests named and the legacy to Mrs. Busch. August A. Busch, who, according to the express provision of the will, is to be president of the brewing association, receives two shares of the trust "absolutely."

August A. Busch is made responsible for the care of his invalid brother, Carl, who is to be supplied with all necessities and wants up to $12,000 a year.

The part of the will regarding the five daughters is the most complex, after stating that each daughter is to receive one-seventh of the trust, the will specifies that the trustees pay at once to each of the daughters, $100,000 out of her share; and that the remainder shall be managed by the trustees for the daughters for the rest of their lives.

Estate Worth $50,000,000.

The estate is estimated at $50,000,000. The Busch homes in Pasadena, Cal., and Cooperstown, N. Y., are among the costliest residences in the United States. They are bequeathed to the widow. She also receives the mansion in St. Louis.

Alvina Clementine Berg, who received $10,000, was the stenographer of Mr. Busch, and Mrs. Anna Schumann, who received $10,000, was the companion of Mrs. Adolphus Busch.

ALMOST HIT BY METEORITE

Young Men Have Queer Experience in Park.

Boston, Nov. 3.—A meteorite dropped into Craddock Park in Malden last night nearly striking two young men who say the visitor from space passed within two feet of them. Both were thrown down, overcome by fumes from the white-hot mass. The eyebrows of one were nearly singed off. The meteorite buried itself in the earth 10 feet.

The young men are John McDonald and Frank Butler, both of Malden. Butler is a member of the senior class of the Malden high school. In support of their statement the two point to the jagged mass in the hole in the park. Both were feeling the effects of their experience last night and complained of a violent attack of nausea. This, they thought was caused by inhaling the fumes of the flaming mass. Both say they saw the meteorite some seconds before it struck the earth and thought it was an ordinary falling star.

Scientists of both Tufts and Harvard Colleges were notified and will dig up the meteorite today for examination.

"SCRUB" HENS LAYING WELL

Do Well Against Hens Selected at Agricultural College.

Willington, Conn., Nov. 1.—Twelve "scrub" hens, picked up at 75 cents each, in New York city markets, have been entered in an egg laying contest against the international selections at the Connecticut Agricultural College.

After a few days care and dieting, the "scrubs" are holding their own in plumage and form. The competing hens at the college are selections from several countries. The second twelfth month competition among them has just been won by a British hen. A single comb white leghorn, belonging to B. E. Moore, of Winsted, Conn., took second prize, leading the American entries with 267 eggs for the year.

ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES ATTACK ASQUITH WITH WHIPS

Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 1.—Premier Asquith was attacked today by militant suffragettes armed with dog whips. He was driving in an automobile accompanied by his daughter, Miss Violet Asquith, and Sir John Graham, a Scotch justice of the peace. The victims of the outrage were more frightened than hurt.

The automobile was passing through the village of Plean, five miles from Falkirk, when it ran into a suffragette ambush. The "wild women," as they are called here, under cover of a shower of papers, rushed at the car and belabored the premier and his companions. They disappeared before the police car following that of the premier had reached the scene.

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MALE HELP WANTED.

Young man, learn show card writing and be your own boss; you can make $20 to $50 weekly; particulars free. V. G. McMasters, Cherrytree, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$100 per 1,000—Letter writing; we pay cash. Prof. Mezyrto, 256 D, Nassau, St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 57, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS.

AGENTS $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed knit goods for largest manufacturer in America. Established 30 years. Complete outfit free. Madison Mills, Dept. 1 E, 484 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—To sell lubricating oils, baits, hose, paint, varnish, to factories, mills, creameries, garages, auto owners, stores, threshers, farmers, outside large cities; exclusive territory to right party; experience desirable but not absolutely necessary. Manufacturers Oil & Grease Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FARMS AND LANDS.

Oregon State Publications Free—Almanac, Oregon Farmer and other official publications telling of resources, climate and agricultural opportunities for the man of moderate means. Ask questions—they will have painstakingly answers. We have nothing to sell. Address Room 50, Portland Commercial Club, Portland, Oregon.

Virginia Apple Orchards net as much as $400 an acre a year. Good fruit lands $15 to $25 per acre up, on easy terms. Write for information and illustrated booklets. P. H. LaBAUME, Industrial Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry., Room 200, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FARMS WANTED

Farms Wanted—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing your property, naming lowest price. We help buyers find desirable property. Free. American Investment Association, 90 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONGS—POEMS. Don't waste your money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered song poems and music writers. Joseph Minnick Co., Inc., Publishers, 49-J, West 24th Street, New York City.

SONG POEMS published free or sold for cash. Mss. Sales Co., 57-H, W. 28th St., New York.

Fox, Deer, Cat, Wolf, Coon, Possum, Rabbit hounds, Pointers and Setters. List free. Kennels, Stodghill, Shelbyville, Ky.

You can sell our raincoats. Best Christmas line we give you one. Temple Raincoat Co., Dept. 8, Templeton, Mass.

MEDICAL.

FREE TRIAL—Hygiene Plaster—Relieves Backache. Plaster that's different"—for Backache, Rheumatic Pains. Grabill & Co., Lancaster, Pa.

PERSONAL.

Have your horoscope for the new year, 1914, cast by the famous English astrologer, Prof. Lindon. For free trial reading send 10c and birthdate to Mrs. Maud Lindon, Dept. 7, 1 East 50th St., Chicago.

Madam Eldon, Scientific Palmist, Clairvoyant and astrologist; test reading by hand; send birth date and five 2-cent stamps. 1 Fourteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BUILDING FALLS, 2 DEAD, 3 HURT

Hartford, Conn., Is Scene of Tragedy Due to Faulty Construction.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 3.—The entire side of a four-story brick storehouse in North Front street collapsed early today and crashed through the frame dwelling house of John Hughes, immediately adjoining. As a result, two persons are dead, three fatally injured and another seriously hurt. The dead are John Hughes, 59, and Eva Dooty, 5, his granddaughter.

The storehouse, a new building, was filled with bales of rags and tobacco. Michael Greenberg, its owner, said the building was dynamited, but firemen and police found no evidence of an explosion and declared that faulty construction probably caused the collapse.

The building was constructed of bricks which had been in another building and the foundations, it was said were insecure. The city building inspector started an investigation at once.

All the dead and injured were sleeping when the crash came.

The wall of the warehouse slipped in a diagonal direction, emptying thousands of bales of rags and other goods on top of the crushed Hughes home.

XENIA WOMAN, 101, PRESIDES AT DINNER

Xenia, Nov. 1.—Mrs. Sallie B. Bigger celebrated her one hundred and first birthday anniversary Friday by presiding over a family dinner at the home of her son-in-law and only daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fleming, where she lives. Mrs. Bigger still drinks strong black coffee three times a day, a practice she followed all her life.

Mrs. Bigger's only daughter is 80 years old. She celebrated her golden wedding eight years ago.

DON'T FORGET YOUR STAMPS

Penalty Attached for Not Using Sufficient Postage.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Postmaster General Burleson issued a warning today calling attention to the fact that as a "penalty" for not ascertaining the amount of postage necessary before mailing letters between the United States and foreign countries, each country concerned in the delivery charges double the amount of deficient postage before delivery is made. The postmaster general was led to caution the public to this effect because of the large number of letters being mailed to Austrialia bearing only two cents in postage instead of five cents.

At present two-cent letter postage agreements exist only between the United States and Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Newfoundland, the Panama canal zone, the republic of Panama, Germany, England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland and Shanghai, China. To all other countries, including Australia, the rate is five cents for the first ounce.

RARE DEED SELLS FOR $1,700

It Records First Sale of Manhattan Island for $24.

New York, Nov. 1.—It is a well known item of history that Manhattan island was originally purchased for about $24. The deed of this sale, given by the Indians, sold last night at auction here at about 70 times the original cost of the island.

The deed was bought by George D. Smith for $1,700, the highest price bid at the sale of many valuable historical documents. The deed is written on velum and attests in the Dutch language the transfer of the island to the Dutch in 1630.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED or FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. Steady position. Permanent. Outfit free. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 84, Parsons, Kans.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn $150 to $250 per month; secret service; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 295 Wood Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

SONG POEMS WANTED. We pay 50 per cent. Send poems or melodies; they may be worth a fortune. Hayworth Music Co., 798, Washington, D. C.

Best Conditioner Worm Expeller Death to Heaves "Guaranteed or Money Back" Coughs, Distemper, Indigestion NEWTON'S Expectorant At druggists' or sent postpaid. THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, O.

LADIES To SEW at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prompt reply. Universal Co., Dept. 25, Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

IMITATION BED BUGS. Put them on sheets and pillow cases and fool the folks. Look like the real thing. Barrels of fun. Six sent postpaid 10c silver or stamps. Hub Novelties, Box 2708, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY Selling guaranteed Steel Mantle Burners. Make coal oil produce as much light as gas. Every home buys. Experience unnecessary. Sample 25c. Particulars free. Write quick. STEEL MANTLE LIGHT CO., 328 Summit Street, TOLEDO, O.

Old Coins WANTED. $1 to $100 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our illustrated coin value book. It may mean your fortune. OLD COIN CO., 302 EAST 31st ST., CHICAGO.

36-lb. FEATHER BEDS—$5 New, clean, odorless, sanitary and dustless feathers. 6-pound Pillows $1.00 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Write for FREE catalog. Southern Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 1152, Greensboro, N. C.

12 POST CARDS FREE We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper, send 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. Address New Ideas Card Co., 233 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED MEN to learn Barber Trade. Big Wages. Always Sure of Work. We teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Tools furnished. We give you actual shop experience and you keep half the receipts. Position for students in big demand. We have 53 big offices in principal cities. Write at once for catalog and particulars. MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES, 101 Prospect Ave., N. W., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED Cash paid weekly to home and traveling men. Easy money-makers; permanent, rapid income. Exclusive right to sell famous Big Red Delicious and Stark trade-mark trees. Big outfit—wonderful New Color